

The Critic

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Literature

Peet's "Emblematic Mounds and Animal Effigies"*

THE REV. STEPHEN D. PEET, PH.D., editor of *The American Antiquarian*, is publishing from that periodical his articles on the antiquities of this continent, in 'a series of books on Prehistoric America.' Each book is to be 'devoted to a separate department of American archaeology.' The first volume of the series, entitled 'The Mound-Builders: Their Works and Relics,' is announced as 'in preparation.' The volume now published, though the first to appear is numbered the second of the series. Its subject is one to which the author has devoted special attention. The emblematic mounds, as is well known, are particularly numerous in the State of Wisconsin. The region now forming that State was in ancient times the home of a tribe, or a congeries of tribes, which had a peculiar predilection for the construction of enormous earthworks in the form of images of animals. The animals thus represented were of many kinds, but all such as now inhabit, or are known to have recently inhabited, this region. Among the effigies are those of the buffalo, moose, elk, deer, bear, panther, wolf, fox, mink, otter, muskrat, weasel, raccoon, rabbit and squirrel; the eagle, hawk, wild goose, duck, crane, pigeon, prairie hen, king bird and swallow; the tortoise, lizard, snake, frog and some species of fish. Occasionally human figures are found. The effigies vary in length from five feet to over five hundred feet, with corresponding breadth, and with a height above the surrounding soil of from two to six feet. The figures are sometimes so rudely shaped, or so distorted in some dimensions, that only a practised eye can recognize the kind of creature represented. But in other cases the resemblance is clear, and the attitudes are natural and spirited. This is particularly the case with many images of the panther, squirrel, fox, eagle, swallow, and tortoise. It is evident that the makers were not only keen observers, as might be supposed, but also, after their fashion, good artists. We are reminded occasionally of the artistic talent shown, though in very different material, by the palaeolithic draftsmen, whose etchings on horn and bone, exhumed from their ancient cave-dwellings in south-western Europe, and depicting with wonderful spirit the mammoth, reindeer, and other prehistoric animals of that region, have excited so much admiration.

The author finds no evidence that the people who made these effigies were in any way more advanced in civilization than the Indians whom the white explorers found in the country. They were a race possessing strong religious feelings, which in their case, as in that of the ancient Egyptians, took the form of animal worship. In many instances the effigies were probably *totems*, or clan-symbols; and, in fact, most of the animals thus shown appear in the well-known names of clans among the present Indian tribes. In other instances the image may have represented the animal protector which each Indian on reaching manhood is accustomed to select, usually in obedience to some indication

* *Emblematic Mounds and Animal Effigies*. By Stephen D. Peet. \$3.50. Chicago: American Antiquarian Office.

in a dream, as his guardian in hunting and in war. These animal effigies, in a great variety of attitudes and groupings, are scattered in immense numbers over the surface of the country, indicating either a large population or many generations of zealous workers. The works are certainly very ancient, though the extravagant antiquity which some have ascribed to them, going back to the quaternary era, is not borne out by any evidence. The supposed 'elephant mound' and 'camel mound' were probably buffalo images. But the builders of the animal mounds appear to have been the earliest inhabitants of the country, and to have been succeeded by at least two other races, or rather (not to beg the much-contested 'race' question) two other strata of population. The first of these has left the peculiar 'garden beds,' which frequently cover the effigy mounds regardless of their primitive sacredness; and this has been succeeded by the modern Indians, who neither raise animal mounds, nor fashion these symmetrical field-plots. Dr. Peet thinks it not unlikely that the makers of the effigies may have been a tribe of the great Dakota stock, and that they were possibly the ancestors of the Winnebagoes, who inhabited Wisconsin in recent times; though how it has happened that neither they nor any other Dakota people have preserved the custom of constructing animal mounds is not explained.

The author is sadly deficient in the literary faculty. His style does not do justice to his real abilities. His is, in fact, a not uncommon case, in which superior gifts of acquisition and discernment are obscured by a natural defect in the capacity for expression. At the same time there is evidence of actual carelessness in points which in an editor of much experience cannot so well be excused. The same statements of facts are often reiterated, in almost the same words, to a wearisome extent. This repetition is doubtless due to the circumstance that the work is made up of articles which have appeared at intervals in a periodical, and have not been properly revised for publication. The absence of an index is a serious deficiency in a book of this class, and detracts much from its value. In spite of these and other defects, the work is by far the best that has yet appeared on its special subject. The illustrations are profuse, and, though rudely done, are sufficiently intelligible. If in the forthcoming volumes of the series the author will accept counsel and assistance which will enable him to correct the faults of expression and of mere book-making so apparent in the present work, he will the sooner gain the high position among American archaeologists which is due to his indefatigable industry, his candor and judgment in the pursuit of truth, and his special talent for original research.

Cawein's "Days and Dreams"*

ONE OF THE BEST traits to be found in a young poet is a willingness to listen to criticism of his work and to profit by it. How much this can do for him may be seen by comparing the poems in Mr. Madison Cawein's 'Lyrics and Idyls' (1890) with those in his recently published 'Days and Dreams.' It is a sure sign of advance when a writer acknowledges his faults by an honest endeavor to overcome them at the first opportunity offered. This Mr. Cawein has done, and the result is most gratifying, his new book being full of charming compositions unmarred by the dangerous tendencies which beset his earlier work. The poems in 'Days and Dreams' are marked by the same wealth of color, the same felicitous and unusual figures, the same facility in the treatment of various metrical forms, and the same exquisite bits of description of nature that have marked his previous poems; but they are not obscure in meaning, nor full of verbal excesses, nor spoiled by mannerisms and affectations, as many of their predecessors have been. Mr. Cawein has learned to express himself in simpler language and, at the same time,

* *Days and Dreams*. By Madison Cawein. \$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

to do so without detracting anything from the force or beauty of the thought. The first lyric in the collection is a good example of this simplicity, the first stanza of which reads,

Herein the dearness of her is:
The thirty perfect days of June
Made one, in beauty and in bliss
Were not more white to have to kiss,
To love not more in tune.

All, through the untitled lyrics brought together under the heading 'One Day and Another' are scattered many delightful things, such as

the lizards sleep
Like lichens on the railing.
* * *
Handsels of anemones
The surrendered hours
Pour about the sweet Spring's knees—
Crowding babies of the breeze,
Her unstudied flowers.
* * *
Of wasp and bee the hidden hum
Made all the warm air mellow.

These are but glimpses. One would like to quote many of the poems entire. As we have said before, Mr. Cawein is at his best when he writes of nature. He is a close observer, and all his descriptive pieces are wonderfully realistic pictures. In the poems that have a dramatic quality he is not so successful, yet there is enough in them to give promise of better things in the future. 'The Epic,' 'At the Stile,' 'The Alcade's Daughter,' and the longer pieces—'The Portrait,' 'Ismael,' 'Behram and Eddetma' and 'The Khalif and the Arab'—show a great deal of talent, but they fall short of the perfection to which he comes close in writing upon simpler themes.

There are still many things in Mr. Cawein's work to complain of, which we may reasonably hope he will remedy later. He is apt to employ words in strained meanings, and to use words that are not familiar to the ordinary reader; and he is frequently given to making false and unpardonable rhymes. Let him be careful about these things; let him go over his verses more rigorously; above all, let him be a trifle slower about putting his poems into books. These are suggestions offered in a spirit of appreciation of what he has already accomplished. He has gifts that are exceptional. Let him make the most of them.

Rae's "Contemporary Socialism"*

THE FIRST edition of this work, published some years ago, has been generally regarded as the ablest treatise on the subject in the English language; and the new edition is a considerable improvement on the old. Some chapters have been entirely re-written because of altered circumstances or of fuller information; while an important chapter of one hundred pages on State Socialism has been added. The subject of anarchism and Russian nihilism receive particular attention, and every phase of present-day socialism is reviewed and criticised.

Mr. Rae's treatment of his theme is somewhat different from that of most writers who have dealt with socialism from a hostile point of view. They have confined themselves for the most part to a consideration of the expediency of the proposed social order, and have endeavored to show that it could only result in universal disaster; but Mr. Rae attacks it as fundamentally unjust. Socialists affirm that the laborers are robbed, and have always been robbed, by the capitalists—a doctrine which Mr. Rae for excellent reasons pronounces false. Hence he infers that socialism is really nothing less than an act of spoliation—an effort to realize a false ideal of social or distributive justice. So also he defines state socialism, as now advocated in Germany and to some extent elsewhere, as 'the system which requires the

State to do work it is unfit to do in order to invest the working classes with privileges they have no right to get.' The standpoint thus assumed by Mr. Rae is logically and morally unassailable, and makes his polemic against the socialists more effective than any other we have met with. At the same time he examines all the various shades of socialism in order to show the special character of each, and takes occasion also to point out the mischief which a socialistic régime would necessarily produce. Thus the subject is treated from every point of view, and with an ability and clearness that cannot fail to impress the reader. The history of contemporary socialism is also reviewed, so that whoever wishes to know how it arose and how it has come to be what it is will find their questions answered in this volume.

But while condemning socialism in all its forms, Mr. Rae by no means adopts the extreme individualistic position of Herbert Spencer, whom he affirms to be the only advocate of complete *laissez faire* in England. He endeavors to lay down the principles by which state intervention for the general good of society ought to be governed, and quotes largely from Adam Smith and J. R. McCulloch to show that similar principles have always been taught by English economists. He shows, too, that most of the recent labor legislation in England, which has been so much inveighed against by extreme individualists, has followed strictly the lines laid down by the economists. The last chapter of the book is concerned with Mr. George's agrarian socialism, and need not be dwelt upon here. In conclusion we cordially commend the book to all students of the subject.

Loftie's "Westminster Abbey"**

MR. W. J. LOFTIE's elegant book on 'Westminster Abbey,' illustrated by Mr. H. Railton, first issued in royal quarto at a correspondingly royal price, is now reprinted in cheaper form, but with little diminution in beauty except for the reduction of the page to octavo size. The many exquisite illustrations are finely reproduced, thanks to the excellent paper and press-work. The history of the venerable building is given from its very foundation, and its architecture and monuments are minutely described. The only serious omission that we note is with regard to the Jerusalem Chamber, the sole reference to which is the single sentence:—'The chamber called "J-rusalem" has long been the real chapter-house.' We should certainly have been told more of this famous room in which Henry IV. died, and the Westminster Assembly in 1643 and the Revisers of the Bible in our own day held their meetings. It was built by Abbot Littleton between 1376 and 1386, and probably got its name from the tapestries of the history of Jerusalem with which it was formerly hung. The present decorations (with the exception of the stained-glass, which is older) are of the time of James I. On the other hand, however, Mr. Loftie describes parts of the Abbey not often shown to visitors and not mentioned in the ordinary guide books. Among these is the triforium, to which an entire chapter is devoted. Here are deposited sundry monuments that have been removed from the church. Mr. Loftie regrets that one of these is the noted 'pancake monument' of Admiral Tyrrell, which, within our personal memory, disfigured the wall below with its 'pancake' clouds—detached blotches of white marble, looking as if they had been thrown against the dark stone of the wall and stuck there—it's most unceasible cherubs, and the fearful nude figure of the Admiral himself, standing ghastly amid his grotesque memorial horrors. 'It certainly was very ugly,' as Mr. Loftie says, 'but it was also very curious'; and for that reason he bewails its banishment to the triforium. But curiosity-mongers can seek it there, by special permission; and in the same neighborhood they will find the no less curious and ugly waxwork show of the Abbey, which few people have seen and of which we be-

* Contemporary Socialism. By John Rae. Second edition. \$2.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.

** Westminster Abbey. By W. J. Loftie. \$2.25. Macmillan & Co.

lieve no description was printed until recently. It consists of the effigies of kings and other great personages which in the olden time were borne upon their coffins at the funeral.

Among the full-paged engravings is a capital one showing Longfellow's bust in Poets' Corner, and the same view fortunately includes Chaucer's monument, of which we have seen nowhere else a better picture. The title of the engraving, however, is simply 'Longfellow's Bust.'

Two Books about Heroes of Africa*

GEN. CHARLES G. GORDON is supposed to have been killed on Jan. 26, 1885. From Aug. 12, 1884 (when preparations were begun for his relief), until authentic tidings were received of the failure of the relieving force, Khartoum was a centre of interest to the whole civilized world, and the name of its heroic defender was on all lips. But this name was not heard for the first time in connection with the events which took place at Khartoum, for the *nom de guerre* 'Chinese Gordon' had long since been won in the Taiping rebellion in China. It is a singular fact, however, that this service was little known and appreciated by his own countrymen. It is said that a country gentleman, who was a magistrate and a deputy-lieutenant in Pembrokeshire, a county in which Gordon had formerly served, remarked, on seeing the fact mentioned that 'Chinese Gordon' was going out:—'I see the Government have just sent a Chinaman to the Soudan. What can they mean by sending a native of that country to such a place?' A prophet is not without honor save in his own country!

The career of Gordon in China has been well recorded by Mr. Andrew Wilson in a work called the 'Ever Victorious Army'; the first part of his life in Africa, by Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill, in 'Col. Gordon in Central Africa'; a complete account of his career at Khartoum, by Mr. Hake, in 'The Journals of Gen. Gordon'; and an account of his whole life, by the last-named author, under the title 'The Story of Chinese Gordon.' Biographies have also been written by the late Sir Henry Gordon and by Col. Sir William F. Butler. These volumes, in addition to the 'Letters of Gen. Gordon to His Sister,' edited by Miss Gordon; an account of his life at Gravesend, by Mr. W. E. Lilley; 'Reflections in Palestine,' by the late Prebendary Barnes; and a sketch of Gordon by the celebrated war-correspondent, Archibald Forbes—such an array of works would seem to leave little ground for another biographer to build on. But Major Seton Churchill, in order to 'focus the events of the life of Gen. Gordon into one handy volume, and at the same time to give a clear insight into his religious life,' has added to the list 'Gen. Gordon, a Christian Hero.'

Gordon once spoke of himself as a religious fanatic. A fanatic in the sense of being affected by excessive enthusiasm, he undoubtedly was; but there is no evidence of wild and extravagant notions of religion, at least from the standpoint of the broad-minded Christian of to-day. His religion was that of the Bible. He was a firm believer in that book and, with the exception of the old-fashioned doctrine of future punishment, clung to old-fashioned beliefs. He was tolerant of all sects and creeds, recognizing the good in each and excusing much of the bad.

To a nature like Gordon's, it must have been an inestimable blessing to believe as he did that an all-wise God directs the affairs of the world and that everything is dependent on His will. Those who have not so simple a faith are most capable of appreciating the peace of mind that would result from its possession, and all can understand the blessing it must have been to one who was so often thrown entirely upon his own resources, so far as human responsibility is concerned. While prominence is given to the religious side of Gen. Gordon's character, his military, political, and social life are by no means neglected, and the

work as a whole is an interesting and valuable epitome of the salient events of one of the most beautiful and pathetic careers of the century.

'The Other Side of the Emin Pasha Expedition' (2) is the title of an interesting little volume in which Mr. H. R. Fox Bourne attempts 'to explain how and why the Expedition failed to achieve the purpose for which it was avowedly planned, and to draw from this lamentable business a lesson which it forcibly teaches.' When Mr. Stanley was asked to conduct the Expedition he reported that there were four routes almost equally feasible. A map showing these routes and enabling the reader to follow the movements along the one finally selected would have added much to the interest and value of the book. The author's hostility to Mr. Stanley is apparent, and although the illustrious explorer is given credit grudgingly in cases where the merit of his services is beyond dispute, no possible opportunity to find fault with him seems to have been lost. It is believed that an unprejudiced person of average intelligence, whether previously familiar with the history of this Expedition or not, will lay aside Mr. Fox Bourne's book with a profound admiration for Mr. Stanley, in whom energy, decision and manliness far outweighed the irascibility of temper which seems to have been his chief fault.

Horace Mann*

OF THE FIVE large volumes constituting the Life and Works of Horace Mann, the first, which contains the biography and correspondence, is by far the most important. This reverses, as is so often the case with men who have been ahead of their times, the estimate of contemporaries. When new fields of activity are being broken it seems as if the work accomplished and the methods employed were everything, and the man is measured by his originality, or by the success of his labors. The next generation sees the work in perspective, and judges it by later standards, while the man is seen in low relief only, against the background of his own time. The four volumes of Reports, Addresses, Lectures and Miscellaneous Papers, collected and edited by George Combe Mann, are valuable chiefly if not solely for the light they throw upon the public school system prior to the year 1840, and for the picture they give of the zeal, industry and capacity of the great pioneer of public education in this country.

The story of the life of Horace Mann contained in the first volume was written by his wife and published originally in 1865. Consisting largely of his journal and correspondence, it was at the time of its appearance, and still remains, a most interesting biography, and a valuable contribution to contemporaneous history. Mann's personality, while not in itself the centre of the interest excited by this volume, is the efficient cause of it, since it drew to him the friendship of some, and the acquaintance of almost all, of the distinguished men of his time. The pages of his journal fairly bristle with personal allusions to men and events now the historical features of that generation. Emerson, Parker, Channing, Chalmers and Whipple came in contact with his earlier life on its more intellectual side; Webster, Clay, Cass, Calhoun and others of that galaxy were in the Senate when he was elected to the House to fill the place left vacant by 'the Old Man Eloquent.' Indeed, the list of the notable persons and events touched upon includes almost every name now identified with that period. The style, moreover, in which these things are told is felicitous in the extreme, contrasting well in this respect with the Addresses and Lectures, which frequently are furrowed with antithesis and over-freighted with fine writing.

It is not, however, as a rhetorician, nor even as one profoundly versed in the science of pedagogy, that Horace Mann will live in the memory of his countrymen, but rather as a zealous reformer and as an exponent of pure and pub-

* 1. Gen. Gordon, a Christian Hero. By Seton Churchill. \$1.50. Fleming H. Revell Co. 2. The Other Side of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. By H. R. Fox Bourne. Chatto & Windus.

* Life and Works of Horace Mann. 3 vols. \$12.50. Lee & Shepard.

lic-spirited citizenship. To popular education, to the abolition of slavery, to the moral and material advancement of his fellow-men he gave his heart's best blood. All personal considerations were pressed aside in his zeal for the common good. This was his life-work, and to it he brought abilities of no mean order; a mind at once comprehensive and gifted with a faculty for detail, a will that dominated his naturally frail body and supplied it for a time with seemingly supernatural strength, a temperament serious yet vivacious, and habits of work based upon self-denial and schooled to sustained concentration. The devotion of these faculties to the realization of ideals that had been the dreams of less practical reformers produced an illustrious life and left behind it a noble monument. The temptations to enlarge upon the many fertile themes suggested by these volumes is great, but enough has been said to indicate their scope and to attest the reviewer's sense of the admiration to which the biographical portions are entitled.

Fitzgerald's *Boswell* *

IT IS ONLY ordinary literary justice that our best of biographers should have a biographer of his own. And it is surely an example of the irony of literature, that literary justice requires this second biography to be inferior to the first; for if *Boswell* be out-*Boswelled*, he is the best of biographers no longer. But this is an elusive point that no one who reads a few chapters of Mr. Fitzgerald's work will be compelled to debate. The book before us is not a satisfying one. The author has not written a biography; he has got together materials for one, and served them raw. From an abundance of letters, stray papers and magazine excerpts from the pen of *Boswell*, we are left to infer his character. Instead of painting a picture for us, the author has taken it for granted that a multitude of sketches will arrange themselves into an artistic whole. Then we are further annoyed by schoolboyish comments on points that are self-evident. After a joke we are told, 'This is amusing'; after a letter, 'This is very good.' Still it is not to be denied that Mr. Fitzgerald has brought together a mass of frequently entertaining information about *Boswell* and the men of his time. We get many anecdotes, many details, many bits of chat hitherto unpublished, all of which will be of great service to the future biographer of *Boswell*. As to the 'biographee' it is hardly necessary for us to speak: he has been a familiar figure too long for that. But if any person has not got a clear idea of 'Boozy' from the *Life of Johnson*, he can turn to these volumes and find out what a strange bundle of inconsistent traits made up the man. A chapter in Vol. II. is devoted to 'Boswell's Editors,' and the tone is nothing if not polemic. Mr. Fitzgerald's treatment of Dr. Birkbeck Hill is, to say the least, undignified and unpersuasive.

"Aristotle on the Constitution of Athens" †

THE PAPYRUS MS. of Aristotle's 'Constitution of Athens,' now in the possession of the British Museum, saw the light about last Christmas. Its genuineness having been determined, no time was lost in deciphering such parts of it as were legible and supplying such as were not. After the work of restoration had been substantially accomplished, 'conjectural emendation' was entered upon in various centres of learning with true scholastic zeal. The result is five several translations, one of which is now before us—that of E. Poste, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Of the other four, two are by English scholars, F. G. Kenyon, M.A., and T. J. Dymes, B.A.; another is 'Aristote : La République Athénienne,' translated by Théodore Reinach (Paris), and the last 'Aristotele: La Costituzione degli Ateniesi,' turned into the mellow tongue of Italy by Prof. C. Ferrini (Milan). The translation by Mr. Poste differs in several respects from

* *Life of James Boswell (of Auchinleck). With an Account of his Sayings, Doings and Writings.* By Percy Fitzgerald. 2 vols. \$7. D. Appleton & Co.

† *Aristotle on the Constitution of Athens.* Translated by E. Poste. \$1. Macmillan & Co.

the others, chiefly in its editing, and in what, for want of a better phrase, may be called its point of view. It has no historical introduction, and is almost devoid of explanatory notes, while no variorum readings whatsoever are given. Instead, the translator—or reconstructor—has boldly incorporated in the text such paraphrases and emendations as make clear his conception of the meaning, which carries with it the selection of the reading to which he leans.

The result is a clear, consecutive notion of the original, at the expense of entire accuracy and of the nicer points of critical comment. To the same end must be attributed the use of certain words and expressions not altogether to be expected in a treatise of such dignity. Thus Aristotle is made to say that Solon was 'interviewed,' that a 'platform' was promulgated, and that a certain measure was adopted 'to shut the door against pettifogging'; while a fiscal measure looked toward the 'cancelling of only the very coupon payable on that day.' For these solecisms the translator must answer at the bar of good taste. Yet it is no fault of his that Solon, according to Aristotle, elected to make known his political and economic ideas in an elegiac poem, which begins:—'My eyes are opened, and I see with anguish the plight of this old Ionian land.' The effect is much the same as if we should come across a page of blank-verse in 'Ferne on Contingent Remainders,' or should find Coke dropping into poetry in his *Commentaries upon Littleton*. On the whole, however, Mr. Poste's translation is smooth and intelligent, and its substantial accuracy is admitted by critical scholars.

In addition to the translations mentioned there are two treatises in German which should be consulted by those interested in this remarkable piece of literary jetsam. One, on the Constitution of the Athenians, is by A. Bauer (Munich) and 'Hat Aristotele die Schrift vom Staate der Athener geschrieben,' by F. Cauer (Stuttgart).

Educational Literature

MESSRS. SCRIBNER have begun the publication conjointly with John Murray in England of a series of small volumes under the general title of 'University Extension Manuals.' They are edited by Prof. William Knight of the University of St. Andrews, and are intended to furnish really valuable information on a great variety of subjects. The volume now before us is by Dr. W. Cunningham of Oxford, and treats professedly of 'The Use and Abuse of money'; but the real subject is rather the function and use of capital, with special reference to the moral aspects of the subject. Dr. Cunningham, however, takes the somewhat singular ground that there is no capital without money, and his views as to the economic character of capital differ in some other respects from those of most economists. He defines capital as a fund from which the owner expects to obtain an income, and he holds that the implements used by hunters and primitive agriculturists are not capital (p. 18). But though we cannot agree with all of the author's theoretical views, we find much that is excellent in the rest of his work. He devotes considerable space to setting forth the importance of capital in the industry of our own times, with chapters on its genesis and on the various ways of investing and managing it. He is not much in favor of State management, and looks with strong disfavor on socialism, yet advocates some extension of municipal activity, yet maintains that individuals and voluntary associations are as a rule the best managers. In the last division of the book he discusses the duties that capitalists owe to society, and the uses and abuses to which large wealth may contribute, and though he has not covered the whole ground, what he does say on these points is worthy of careful consideration. (81. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

THE REV. HENRY LOSCH, M.D., sends us, in a compact volume of about 300 pages, his 'Improved Method and Complete Manual (Grammar, Reader, and Dictionary in one volume) for the Systematic and Practical Study of the German Language.' The author's aim has been, as his preface states, 'to combine conveniently into one volume what others give in two or three books, and to present a German grammar complete in every department, having every subject treated explicitly and in the exact measure as seems to be required in such a work.' On the whole, the promise of the title-page and preface has been fairly well kept. The grammatical rules are both succinct and clear, the examples and exercises are good, and the many extracts from German writers, in prose and

poetry, are well selected. The vocabulary is not so complete as it should be, many words which occur in the German extracts being omitted. Moreover, the changes of spelling required by the new orthography are rarely noted. The reader who meets in books printed in Prussia since 1880 the novel forms *armut, flut, gesamt, kanal, schar, tot, wurt*, and the like, will be apt to be perplexed. The author, though evidently an accomplished German scholar, is not fully master of the English idiom, as the sentence quoted from his preface will show; and he will do well, in a future edition, to submit his work to a friendly reviser. (Philadelphia: Christopher Sower Co.)—A NEAT EDITION of Adalbert Stifter's charming story, 'Das Haiderdorf,' carefully annotated by Mr. Otto Heller, is published in the Modern Language Series, and will be an acceptable reading-book for German classes. (20 cts. D. C. Heath & Co.)

MR. C. C. EVERETT has issued a small volume entitled 'Ethics for Young People,' designed for use in families and schools. (60 cts.) It opens with some excellent remarks about the nature and importance of ethics and its relations to other subjects of study, and then proceeds to a discussion of ethical principles and of the various virtues and duties of man. The author descants on the ethics of custom, which he rightly characterizes as unstable, imperfect and varying in different nations and in different sections of society; and from these defects in the customary standard he infers the necessity of a system of principles by which the man who wishes to be virtuous may guide his life. Strange to say, however, when Mr. Everett sets forth the principles which he thinks ought to govern our lives, we find them to be just those principles of the customary morality which he had previously condemned. He makes no attempt to reduce his principles to one ultimate norm, or to set forth any higher rules of duty than those generally recognized in American society. As an exposition of the customary ethics, however, in a form suited to young minds, his treatise has considerable merit. It is more thoughtful and rational than such books are apt to be, and therefore better calculated to make its readers think; while its simple style makes even its argumentations easy to understand.

—IN 'DUTY: A BOOK FOR SCHOOLS' (30 cts.) Dr. J. H. Seelye presents the principles of ethics in a form at once concise and simple. Sixty brief pages suffice for an admirable setting-forth of the commonly accepted code of morals, covering our relations to God and to mankind. A clear and comprehensive classification of these duties is made the basis of well-considered explanation and comment. Although compactness is studied throughout, the style is lucid and entertaining, and apt illustrations and quotations are not lacking. Even in the multiplicity of text-books there is a place for this volume, which, either alone, or supplemented by the resources of a competent teacher, must do good service. (Ginn & Co.)

'MERRILL'S WORD AND SENTENCE BOOK' is further described in the title-page as a 'Practical Speller, designed to teach the form, pronunciation, meaning and use of common words.' A thorough examination shows that the book is all that is thus claimed for it and considerably more. The various sounds of the letters in English are accurately defined, and are distinguished by diacritical marks. The division of syllables is shown throughout the lessons, and the accent is indicated wherever this is necessary. The manner of writing the words is also displayed in a neat script-hand. Succinct directions to teachers and pupils are added in smaller type, sometimes in the text and occasionally in footnotes. In addition to these proper (though too often neglected) elements of a spelling-book, the compilers, who, it is stated, are themselves teachers, have been careful to make every lesson otherwise instructive, by embodying in it some useful information or precept. While the scholar is learning to spell and read, he is learning something else at the same time—a lesson in manners or morals, in grammar or composition, in natural science, history, geography, astronomy, or some useful art of every-day life. Good examples of letter-writing are given, and well-chosen extracts in poetry and prose from the best authors familiarize the learner with the great names of English and American literature. The pupil who has completed the 396 lessons, none of them unreasonably long or difficult, which compose the principal portion of the book, and has added the fuller explanatory sections in the 30 pages of Part IV., will have acquired an amount of information amply sufficient to qualify him for reading intelligently any newspaper or ordinary book, for taking part in the conversation of educated people, or for following with interest a sermon, a political speech, or a lecture on any subject of 'popular science.' (24 cts. Charles E. Merrill & Co.)

FOURTEEN PAGES of the first number of the 'Bowdoin College Library Bulletin' are devoted to an interesting list of poems illustrating the Greek mythology in the English poetry of the nine-

teenth century. Though we miss some favorites, as Matthew Arnold's 'Philomela,' and 'Cadmus and Harmonia,' the list has been compiled with painstaking, and may be regarded as fairly representing the taste of our poets in the choice of Greek subjects. The two themes which seem to have been most suggestive are Prometheus and Proserpina, which together number about one-tenth of all the poems cited. In the next rank come the myths of Cupid and Psyche, Hero and Leander, Admetus and Alcestis, Orpheus and Eurydice, Endymion, and Ulysses. The range of subjects is surprisingly large, and gives fresh evidence of the perennial inspiration of the Grecian Muse. (Brunswick, Maine: Bowdoin College.)

—THE PUBLISHERS have done well to issue in a neat set the four volumes of anonymous translations from Plato, which have appeared from their press at intervals since 1878. These translations—severally entitled 'Socrates,' 'Talks with Socrates about Life,' 'A Day in Athens with Socrates' and 'Talks with Athenian Youths'—are of unusual merit, and will receive more than a passing welcome from lovers of the classics. Taking the volumes together we notice a marked improvement in the last over the first, not so much in the spirit of the rendering as in the greater freedom and ease of expression. May we not hope for a complete version of Plato from the same hand? (\$5. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

—THAT M. C. HIME's 'Introduction to the Latin Language' has reached a third edition may be taken as an indication that in Great Britain at least antediluvian methods of teaching have not yet died out. Though intended as a manual for young students, the work is cumbersome, pedantic, unsystematic and unscholarly to the last degree. It is worthy of mention only as affording a marked exception to the much-bruited law of the 'survival of the fittest.' (2 vols. 7s. 6d. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)—THE FIRST VOLUME of Prof. J. P. Mahaffy's 'History of Greek Classical Literature' reappears in a third edition, and is published in two parts. Both text and notes have been improved by numerous changes. (\$2.25. Macmillan & Co.)

THREE NEW ISSUES have lately been added to W. R. Jenkins's excellent series of Romans choisis and Contes choisis: to the former, A. M. Durand's 'Cosia' (60 cts.), to the latter, De Verois' 'Deux Artistes en Voyage' and De Maupassant's 'Contes et Nouvelles' (25 cts. each). The fertility of the French fancy is well exemplified in these sprightly specimens of good French, Maupassant being besides a stylist of the first order.—MESSRS. HEATH are equally indefatigable as literary caterers to the foreign appetite and send in an excellent edition of Corneille's 'Polyeucte,' by Prof. Fortier of Tulane University—the first published in America. The notes are chiefly literary and allusionary, but grammatical and philological matter is not lacking. Voltaire is the exhaustless source, as usual, of the commentary, while Prof. Joyner gets the now customary thanks for valuable hints and suggestions. From the same publishers come 'Trois Contes par Daudet,' with notes by Prof. Sanderson of Harvard: the rather hackneyed 'Siège de Berlin,' 'Dernière Classe' and 'Mule du Page'; Grandgent's 'French Composition, Part II.,' a series of exercises based on 'Peppino'; and Clary's 'Höher als die Kirche,' from the German of Hillern. This is a fortunate age to get good things so cheap and to feast not with Barmecide but with Dives at an overflowing intellectual table. (15 cts. each. D. C. Heath & Co.)

A 'FIRST COURSE in French Conversation,' by C. P. Du Croquet, is another 'first course' at the endless banquet of French readers and preparatory books. Mérimee remarked that at Grenoble there were fifty-three ways of eating spinach. There are just 53,000 ways of eating French! M. Du Croquet's way strikes us as simple and reasonable: his little book abounds in well-printed selections for conversation,—poems, anecdotes, talks on numerals, on the senses, on the weather, at the hotel, *en voyage*, and everywhere else. Exercises in pronunciation and foot-note vocabularies advance hand in hand—or foot by foot—with these; and when FINIS is reached with the 36th lesson the pupil ought to be as full of French as a pippin is of pips. (W. R. Jenkins.)—THE SAME MAY be said of the Misses Houghton's 'French by Reading,' which is based upon the principle that thinking in French is the all-important desideratum, and that to think in French one must read plentifully. Accordingly, the authors take four stories and split them up into copious material for their method, finding 3000 words in them as well as abundant opportunity for comment, grammatical reviews, explanation of idioms, and references for inexperienced teachers. Italics point out rocks and points to be noticed, each of which, like a buoy, has an alarm-bell of letters and numerals attached to call attention to hidden dangers. The self-satisfied pupil is thus prevented from gliding glibly over imaginary easy places, and is made to stop until he understands. (\$1.25. D. C. Heath & Co.)

A REVISED EDITION of Prof. James K. Hosmer's 'Short History of German Literature' has appeared. The original book has been before the public for a number of years; long enough to make its characteristics familiar. The general tone of the work is not that of a scientific literary history; it is rather that of a picturesque guide-book to German literature. If a historical episode is mentioned, one may be on the lookout for a description of some large painting of the scene, together with a reference to the sunshiny or cloudy day on which our author entered the famous gallery where the picture hangs. This discursive tone gives the book an essentially popular character, but its popularity is deserved, for all in all the treatment is full of inspiration to the beginner. Then, too, Prof. Hosmer is a safe pilot, inasmuch as in vexed questions he avoids Scylla and Charybdis and steers a middle course, pointing out to the student, at the same time, the dangers on each hand. His treatment of Luther is illustrative of this point. Part of the revision consists in a useful series of tables containing the noted literary names of Germany. A copious index is also valuable. (\$2. Charles Scribner's Sons.)—THE EDITION of Burke's 'American Speeches,' with brief introduction and notes by A. J. George, A.M., may safely be commended to teachers in search of annotated editions of standard English *prose*, which are scarce in comparison with those of *poetry*. These speeches, as Mr. George says in his preface, are among 'the noblest masterpieces in the literature of civil and political wisdom'; and they are no less admirable as studies in style. (50 cts. D. C. Heath & Co.)

MISS BENT'S 'World's Literature' is another of that ingenious lady's efforts to present an interesting course of English for colleges and high-schools. —Her 'Literary Landmarks,' which received due praise from *The Critic*, showed extended thought on a topic attractive to all—if literature is, as James Russell Lowell proclaimed it, 'the autobiography of the human race.' Her present volume is one of four intended to teach this autobiography through the auto-biographers themselves—i.e., literature through literature, ample specimens of representative works and epochs being given in each volume, connected by a thread of analysis, biography, history or comment, perhaps one, perhaps all. Part I. (before us) devotes itself to the Myth-making and the Homeric Ages, with abundant quotations from Ruskin (not a very safe guide), the Iliad and Odyssey, and Symonds. The book gets down to the First Olympiad, 776 B.C., and is not without such dogmatisms as the statement that the date of the Book of Job is 'at least 1500 B.C.' This sounds too much like Rollin's 'Ancient History'—in more senses than one; and an etymology on p. 21 is rather doubtful. On the whole, however, the book is stimulating and suggestive, in spite of its rather sensational diagrams. (Chicago: Albert Scott & Co.)—CAPT. TANERA'S 'For King and Fatherland—1870' edits in charming *format* a new German text connected with the struggle of 1870-71. Mr. H. S. Beresford-Webb is the *parvain* of this prettily bound series, which deals with 'episodes from modern German authors' running parallel with the series from French authors. Already Hackländer, Auerbach and Dahn have been drawn upon for the German texts. The present booklet deals with scenes and incidents around Sedan and Orleans and gives a graphic account of a soldier's personal experiences in this mighty contest. It will afford relief to those plagued with the old-fashioned, threadbare plays now dished up in innumerable editions. (50 cts. Longmans, Green & Co.)

THE VALUE of M. Victor Duruy's 'Histoire du Moyen Age' is too well-known to require any notice of it in detail. We are presented now with an excellent translation by E. H. and M. D. Whitney, and the book has been carefully revised by Prof. G. B. Adams of Yale. No better text-book for the period embraced in it can be found than this. (\$1.60. Henry Holt & Co.)—IN WENZEL'S 'Comparative View of Governments' is to be found a convenient comparative view of certain portions of the Constitutions of the United States, England, France and Germany. This will be a great boon to college students who hitherto have been compelled to collect for themselves from various sources the very facts which are so plainly set forth by Mr. Wenzel. We wish that Switzerland had been included in the list. (20 cts. D. C. Heath & Co.)—INTO ONE VOLUME Mr. Burnham has condensed the history of all foreign wars from the days of the early dynasties of Egypt to the latest struggles of the irascible republics of Central and South America; and in a second—the two constituting his *magnum opus*, 'The Struggles of the Nations'—are described the wars of the United States. The introduction lays stress upon the importance of these contests in the history of the world and closes with the following bit of wisdom:—'The existence of wars implies campaigns, marches, sieges and pitched battles, all tending to exhaust the resources of the belligerents, hence the necessity for a

suspension of hostilities, which frequently end (?) in treaties of peace. Many of these contracts are of as great historical importance as the military events that preceded them.' Few will especially care to wade through these scenes of carnage, but more perhaps will compare with interest the list of treaties and conventions of peace with which the second volume closes. (\$6. Lee & Shepard.)

BOOK II. OF 'Tarbell's Lessons in Language' carries out the scheme of language-teaching begun in Book I., already favorably noticed by us. It treats of grammar and composition, or rhetoric, in alternate lessons or short series of lessons, with exercises intermingled, the author being of the opinion that the two subjects should be studied, as much as possible, together. Intended to follow Book I. it may yet be used independently. (70 cts. Ginn & Co.)—'OUR AMERICAN NEIGHBORS,' by Fanny E. Coe, forms Vol. VIII. in the 'Young Folks' Library, a series of books designed to supplement the ordinary school-readers with material which may be used both in the further acquisition of language, and also as a means of increasing the pupil's stock of information. This eighth volume is concerned with Canada, Mexico, Central and South America. It is written in a lively, attractive style, and gives full and excellent descriptions of Canadian farm-life, fishing and lumbering industries, winter sports, Montreal, Quebec, the St. Lawrence, and prairie and mountain regions of our northern borderland. Equally good are the pictures of the character, customs, and surroundings of our tropical neighbors. There are a few illustrations. Children of a larger growth will find this a serviceable manual. It deserves a good index. (60 cts. Silver, Burdett & Co.)

MR. C. W. BARDEEN sends us two pamphlets of his on educational themes which are likely to interest those of our readers who are teachers. One is on 'The Teacher as He Should Be,' and was originally given as an address before the New York State Teachers' Association. Mr. Bardeen is strongly impressed with the importance of the teacher's character and personality, and lays much less stress on technical qualifications than some people do. He remarks that the great educators of the world have owed their influence to their earnestness and devotion to duty much more than to technical scholarship and adherence to system; and he thinks that school trustees and other persons interested in school management are not sufficiently aware of this fact. His remarks on this subject are well worthy of consideration. His other pamphlet is the printed form of an address before the Teachers' Association of New Jersey, and is entitled 'The Taxpayer and the Township System.' Mr. Bardeen thinks that the old school district system, which still prevails in a large number of our States, is injurious to the best interests of the schools; and that township management, wherever it has been tried, has shown itself much superior. All persons who have seen the practical workings of the two systems are likely to agree with him; and it is a little strange that the district system has been retained so long. If our author's arguments are sound, as they seem to us to be, it ought not to be retained any longer. (Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.)

JULES LEMAITRE, the critic of the *Revue Bleue*, predicts that in the year 2000 there will be no more poets; can the same prediction be made of grammarians? We trow not. New grammars fall from the press as thick as manna, and the hungry schoolmaster is expected to pick them up and at least turn them over. A very interesting little volume is Read & Kellogg's 'The English Language,' a brief historical grammar of English, full of information for the uninformed and not without surprising statements even to the initiated. It treats the Anglo-Saxon period intelligently and, on the whole, accurately, though the authors quote Canon Isaac Taylor quite too frequently and rather damage their book by copious draughts of G. P. Marsh. These writers are no longer 'authorities' on English or 'Celtic,' though their works are valuable for suggestion. The historical part of the grammar is followed by a very useful series of chapters on synonyms, word-building, and word-analysis, based directly on the study of the sources of English preceding. Galileo found that water wouldn't rise more than 34 inches above its source: modern grammatical Galileos go much further and show the modern student how to rise much higher! (60 cts. Effingham, Maynard & Co.)

'A COMMERCIAL Geography for Academies, High Schools and Business Colleges,' by John N. Tilden, is a moderate-sized work intended to give young people a knowledge of that part of geography that most immediately relates to commerce. It opens with a brief summary of geography in general, mathematical, physical and political, and then proceeds to a general account of commerce and the principal modes of transportation and international intercourse. Next

in order comes a detailed account of the commerce of the United States, with brief notices of the various industries on which it depends and a description of all our principal seaports. After this the other countries of the world are taken up in the order of the importance of their commercial relations with the United States, Great Britain with her colonies standing first, then Germany, France and all the rest. Mention is always made of the principal products of each country, its importance in the general commerce of the world is carefully rated, and the value of its trade with the United States is indicated in a statistical note. The principal ports of the world and their relative importance also receive attention, and the book concludes with a brief but useful account of the principal articles of commerce, agricultural, mineral and manufactured. How far Mr. Tilden's book can be made available in ordinary school work, only practical teachers can tell. Commercial geography is treated, to a considerable extent, in the ordinary school-books; but, if a special work not too extensive for common use is desired, we should think that this one would meet the demand. (\$1.25. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.)

THE 'POCKET DICTIONARIES' of the French, Italian and Spanish languages, by J. E. Wessely (who has had for the Spanish volume A. Gironés for his collaborator) have been received by the public with much favor, as is manifest by their numerous editions. An examination of their new issues of the present year sustains this good impression. In each dictionary the pronunciation of the words of both languages is as clearly marked as types can do it, every word being respelt on a uniform system, and the sound of each syllable carefully indicated. The definitions, though necessarily brief, are clear, and will generally be sufficient for the purposes for which a traveller requires a dictionary. The type is sufficiently distinct, and not too small for ordinarily good eyesight. The German dictionary, by the same author, though equally convenient in form and type, is unaccountably defective in regard to the pronunciation. While this is carefully marked for the English part, it is not indicated in any manner for the German. There is not even a 'Key to German Pronunciation.' The volume has evidently been prepared originally for the use of Germans travelling in English-speaking communities, and is reprinted here with no other change than that of placing the German part first. For English-speaking travellers in Germany the work, in its present imperfect state, cannot be recommended. (\$1. each.)—THE SAME PUBLISHERS offer a new edition of the excellent French Dictionary of James and Molé, which for its value as a school lexicon is too well known to need commendation. One slip should be noted. In the table of French pronunciation the sound of *gn* in *poignard* is described as resembling that of *gn* in the English 'poignant.' This is misleading. A comparison with the *ny* in 'lanyard' would have been better. (\$1. Fred'k A. Stokes Co.)

THE ADDRESS ON 'The Present and Future of Harvard College,' delivered in June last by Prof. W. W. Goodwin before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Cambridge, Mass., presents an interesting summary of the changes which have been made in the Harvard system of instruction within the last thirty-five years, and their results. The great change, as is well known, is the abolition of the rule of strictly prescribed studies, and the adoption of the 'elective system' in its place. In 1856 the same studies were prescribed for all the students, whatever their wishes or capacities might be, with only the qualification that each student of the two most advanced classes was allowed to take one elective study. In 1891 all the studies, with two trifling exceptions, are elective. Each student is at liberty to select or omit any branch of study at his pleasure. The result has been, according to Prof. Goodwin, a great improvement in sound scholarship, and an immense advance in the teaching powers of the University, as well as in the attendance. In 1856 there were but seven professors in the Faculty of Arts. There are now fifty-seven; and if the number of students has not grown in the same proportion, it has increased very largely in all departments. On the other hand the address brings into prominence the extraordinary and disheartening fact, to which the attention of the friends of education has lately been drawn, of the serious deterioration in our public-school education. It is established by careful inquiry and comparison that the pupils of our public schools are in general no further advanced at the age of seventeen than the pupils of French schools are at the age of fifteen; or than the pupils of American public schools were at the latter age fifty years ago. Prof. Goodwin points out the errors of the modern school system which have resulted in this deplorable loss of two years in the educational life of the average pupil. Many teachers and school authorities are now engaged in the effort to reform the system, whose evils, one would think, cannot long survive these exposures. (Ginn & Co.)

'GLIMPSES AT THE PLANT WORLD,' by Fanny D. Bergen, is a series of familiar tales, mostly on the lower, cryptogamous plants, ferns, mosses, moulds, and the like, and on those organs and processes of fertilization which distinguish the higher, flowering plants. They are addressed to children, and perhaps err in being a trifle too scientific, for, after all is said, most people remain through life interested in plants as they see them with the eye, and not with the microscope. But they may very well serve as an easy introduction to the serious study of botany. They are very well illustrated, and the book in its neat cloth cover presents a decidedly attractive appearance. (75 cts. Lee & Shepard.)—'THE SWORDSMAN' is a little manual of fence for foil, sabre and bayonet, intended to demonstrate the simpler movements of attack, with as great a variety of defence as possible; and pointing out the most rapid methods of training hand and wrist. The author, Mr. Alfred Hutton, makes the interesting statement that certain lessons in defence to be gone through blindfold, supposed to be his own invention, have come down to him from several generations of expert swordsmen. He claims for them that they train the hand to that delicate sense of touch known to the French as the 'sentiment du fer.' He regards the foil as the foundation of all varieties of fence. (B. Westermann & Co.)

'PHYSICS BY EXPERIMENT,' by Edward R. Shaw, is designed to be not simply a laboratory manual for beginners, but at the same time a text book of physics. The method is inductive; the student is directed to perform certain experiments, the particular point to be observed is noted, and then, the student being assumed to have obtained some realization of the facts, the general principle or conclusion is stated. This method is undoubtedly the best for giving beginners clear and exact ideas, and the skilful teacher will prevent the scholar from falling into the habit of too hasty generalization which may be considered as an evil possibly latent in this system. The experiments suggested are such as can be carried out with inexpensive apparatus and their significance is well brought out. Many problems and questions are suggested which illustrate the principles and furnish useful exercises for the student. The statements of principles are clear and accurate, and the volume is to be recommended as an excellent hand-book for beginners working by this method. (\$1. Effingham Maynard & Co.)—'THE PRINCIPLES OF AGRICULTURE,' for common schools, by I. O. Winslow, presents the student with a little chemistry, a little physics, a glimpse of geology and physical geography, with rather more meteorology and botany, and all this in the first seventy-six pages. The subjects belonging to agriculture proper are then taken up in the chapters relating to fertilizers, cultivation and animals. In the latter parts of the book, beginning with the chapter on plants, the author is evidently more at home than in his introductory chapters, where we meet such rash statements as the following:—'A bottle filled with gas will hold as much of another kind of gas as if it were empty'; 'it is a common principle in nature that heating a body causes it to expand'; 'iron rust (FeO), ferric oxide'; and many others equally misleading. These errors and crudities of statement are the more to be regretted because the book as a whole will be found helpful in giving in a simple manner the rudiments of agricultural science. (60 cts. American Book Co.)

Magazine Notes

THE appearance of Mr. Cole's engravings from Michelangelo's 'Delphian Sibyl' and 'Cumæan Sibyl,' as the frontispieces of the November *Century*, follows hard upon the award of the Great Diploma of Honor to the Society of American Wood-Engravers of New York for their woodcuts displayed at the International Exhibition of the Fine Arts at Berlin. Nobler examples of the art of reproducing paintings by means of the graver it would be hard to find; yet, though the wooden blocks from which these pictures are printed are only a means to an end, our enlightened Government persists in classifying them as 'manufactures of wood,' and denying to the distinguished artist who makes them the privilege of sending them duty-free into his own country, along with the paintings and sculptured works of other American artists working abroad. The Vice-President of the National Academy, Mr. Frank D. Miller, answering, not without pride, the question, 'What Are Americans Doing for Art?' predicts that our unparalleled achievement in art and for art during the past quarter of a century will soon be followed up by the removal of that tax upon foreign works of art which has done much to retard what has yet been so remarkable a development. Mr. Matthews's pictured account of 'The Players' will make every reader wish to be a member of the most prettily housed club in America. 'The Naulahka: A Story of West and East,' by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier, is begun this month, and opens prosperously. The heroine, Kate Sheriff, is the

daughter of a civil engineer, who marches west with the railroads into a virgin country. No wonder she longs for an older land, and aspires to aid the women of India! It is Mr. Balestier's 'inning' this month: when Kate gets to Rhatore, in the province of Gokral Seetarun, Rajputana, Mr. Kipling will be at the bat. Bill Nye's confessions, beginning with 'The Autobiography of a Justice of the Peace,' are so amusing that the public will very gladly play the rôle of father confessor to this penitent successor of Artemas Ward. 'Izaak Walton and the Milkmaids,' reproduced in a full-page engraving, affords Mrs. Van Rensselaer an opportunity to speak discriminately in praise of George H. Boughton. The San Francisco Vigilance Committees of past years are written of by their Chairman, and promise made of a series of letters from Gen. Sherman, giving his reasons for opposing the Committee of 1856. 'Southern Womanhood as Affected by the War,' 'A Great German Artist—Adolph Menzel' and 'A Rival of the Yosemite' are noteworthy articles; and the poetry of the number, by Mrs. Spofford, Miss Thomas, Mrs. Coates, Edith Wharton, J. H. Morse and others—is unusually good and abundant. The department hitherto known as Bric-a-Brac will henceforth be called 'In Lighter Vein.' *The Century's* tribute to Lowell is noticed in another column.

The most famous Russian novelist of the day will no longer be a mysterious personage to the reader of Miss Isabel F. Hapgood's 'Count Tolstoy at Home,' in the new *Atlantic*. The American translator of several of Tolstoy's books visited his family at Yasnaya Polyana ('Clearfield') in acceptance of an invitation from the Count's wife, who promised a house 'not elegant' but 'plain, clean and comfortable.' She was driven from the station to Tolstoy's country-seat by a glib cabman, who professed himself a disciple of the philosopher—and charged her double fare. Her host was mowing, but came in from the fields before long, attired in a grayish blouse and trousers and soft white linen cap; after dinner they all went into the meadows, where Tolstoy again fell to work. Miss Hapgood's article shows the novelist's wife to be a true heroine, who has borne uncomplainingly the terrible loneliness of her lot, remote from the centres of social life: there is much point in her remark that the Russian nobles need not make haste to follow her husband's example, as they will all be poor enough, before long, without trying to be so. The most piquant thing about this exceedingly entertaining paper is the revelation it makes of the Countess's independence of opinion, as revealed in this and other remarks. She is a beautiful woman who 'has not rusted during her long residence in the country'; and as the two ladies sat at their sewing, they did not hesitate to criticise freely the inconsistencies of the author of 'Anna Karénina' and 'What to Do.' It transpires in these too brief pages that Tolstoy abhors the English (he is not the only Russian who does so) and thinks the French a model nation (another point from which he does not differ from the upper classes in his country). Miss Guiney devotes several pages to a characteristically sparkling study of the ill-fated and obscure Irish poet, James Clarence Mangan, who describes his own poetry as

song that alway, sublime or vapid,
Flowed like a rill in the morning beam,
Perchance not deep but intense and rapid,
A mountain stream.

Mr. W. J. Stillman's essay on 'Journalism and Literature' will probably be treated by the daily press in a way to justify one-half of what he says of it. Here is a sample of what he writes in the course of a very carefully prepared article:—'In time the determined student may find his way out of the wilderness of words into which the profession of journalism leads him, find time to think before writing; and if his scholarly tastes are strong enough may become a scholar, if original, a thinker. But as long as he is a journalist he almost necessarily learns neither to think dispassionately nor to write nobly; he prints to-day what everybody will burn to-morrow, and the consciousness of this deprives his work of half its zest.' We have left ourselves no room for the other interesting papers in this month's *Atlantic*.

Mr. F. Arnold tries to show in the November *Lippincott's* that there is a kind of tidal law regulating the movements of parties and opinions. But he takes up the subject of the 'State of the Tides' first in a literal sense, and ends with figurative allusions to it from Dickens and Tennyson. 'Some Colonial Love-Letters,' by Anne H. Wharton, show us how James Logan, William Penn's young secretary, felt when he was in love, and how Benedict Arnold sent the same love-letter to two young ladies in succession. 'The Return of the Rejected' shows how much more demand there is for preserves than for literary sweets, and includes a fine collection of publisher's forms intended to break the news gently to the unfortunate author whose manuscript has not found acceptance. 'The Interviewer Interviewed' is a talk with 'Gath,' who says, among other things,

that his first intention had been to make a literary man of himself; but that he learned that 'there is no such profession in the United States as literature.' J. Howard Coperthwaite and John A. Grier write on 'The Evolution of Money and Finance' and 'The Restoration of Silver,' and William S. Walsh on 'Modern American Humor.' What will chiefly strike the reader of 'The Duke and the Commoner,' the 'complete novel' in this month's magazine, is the author's increased facility and certainty of touch. Mrs. Poultney Bigelow tells a story with the skill of an old hand; and well she may, since her hand, though by no means old, has labored long and diligently to acquire its craft.

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The Shakespeare Memorial Library at Stratford.—This library is growing steadily, and now contains about 6000 volumes, nearly filling the bookcases in the main room. The American additions during the past year or two have been considerable, mainly by purchase; but further contributions from this side of the ocean are earnestly desired and will be gratefully acknowledged. Our publishers should send a copy of each new work they issue in this line, if only as a means of advertising it; and persons who have editions of Shakespeare or books about Shakespeare published in this country, especially early editions, should give them to this library, if they can spare them. No doubt many volumes have been lying neglected for years in our household libraries, which are of no earthly use or interest where they are, but which would be valuable accessions to this historical collection at Stratford. Contributions may be addressed to Mr. W. H. Wall, Librarian of Shakespeare Memorial, Stratford-on-Avon, England. Not only books, but pamphlets, playbills, and other printed matter referring to the dramatist or his works, will be welcome.

Two New Volumes of the 'Cambridge Shakespeare.'—Two volumes, the third and the fourth, of this important work have appeared since I last referred to it. The one completes the 'Comedies' as they are arranged in the Folio of 1623 and most modern editions, while the other contains the English historical plays from 'King John' to 'Henry V.' inclusive. A comparison of the volumes with the earlier issue, so far as I have been able to make it, shows many corrections and additions in the list of various readings. The work throughout appears to have been done with extreme care and skill, and the edition when finished will be far more valuable to the critical student than the former one, which has lately sold for at least five dollars a volume, while this issue, superior in mechanical execution, retails at three dollars a volume. If the work goes on as rapidly as it has done thus far, it will be completed in little more than a year from now. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. are the publishers.

The Halliwell-Phillipps Shakespearian Rarities.—In 1887 Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps printed for private circulation a catalogue or 'Calendar of the Shakespearian Rarities, Drawings, and Engravings at Hollingbury Copse,' his residence near Brighton, England; 'that quaint wigwam on the Sussex downs,' to quote from the title-page, 'which had the honor of sheltering more record and artistic evidences connected with the personal history of the Great Dramatist than are to be found in any other of the world's libraries.' A second enlarged edition of this catalogue has been recently prepared by Mr. Ernest E. Baker, F. S. A. (Longmans, \$3.50). It is an elegantly printed octavo of 170 pages, describing the 805 articles in the collection. According to the will of the owner, his trustees were to offer the whole to the corporation of Birmingham, 'where as the leading town of Shakespeare's native county such a collection would be appropriately located,' for the sum of 7000/- sterling. If the offer should not be accepted within a year, the collection was to be kept in a safe place by the trustees until they should be able to sell it for 10,000/- or more; with further provision for disposing of it if not sold within twelve years. The Birmingham Free Libraries Committee, appointed to examine the collection, reported that its value had not been overestimated by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, and recommended that it be purchased by the town; but the corporation were unable, mainly owing, as Mr. Baker thinks, to legal difficulties, to accept the offer contained in the will. The collection, therefore, now temporarily awaits a purchaser at the higher sum named.

Perhaps the most important of the rarities is the unique early proof of the Droeshout portrait (engraved for the title-page of the Folio of 1623), purchased by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps many years ago for one hundred pounds. A note to the Birmingham report states that an American once offered him a thousand pounds for it. It would be a good idea for the same rich American to buy the entire

collection, for a single article of which he was willing to pay one-tenth of the price now set upon the whole. This is 'the original engraving by Droeshout before it was altered by an inferior hand.' It may be asked why such unfortunate alterations should have been made. The late William Smith, Director of the National Portrait Gallery, expressed the opinion that, 'on what is technically called proving the plate, it was thought that much of the work was so delicate as not to allow of a sufficient number of impressions being printed. Droeshout might probably have refused to spoil his work, and it was retouched by an inferior and coarser engraver.' Experts who have examined this portrait agree in regarding it as markedly superior to the ordinary impressions and as 'far more worthy of Ben Jonson's commendatory lines.' It has never been successfully photographed, nor reproduced by any other process. The collection includes several other impressions of the engraving in various states of the plate, as well as all the known engraved portraits of the dramatist up to that which was published by Rowe in 1709. More recent ones are of no real value.

Other things in the collection almost rival this portrait in interest, especially the six title-deeds which were once indubitably in the possession of Shakespeare, four of them being indentures pertaining to New Place, the mansion bought by the poet in 1597.

New School Editions of the Plays.—'As You Like It,' edited by Mr. K. Deighton, has been added to Macmillan & Co.'s series of English Classics, primarily intended for Anglo-Indian schools. It has the merits and the faults of former volumes in the series which have been noticed in these columns. The introduction, as usual, is excellent, as are the notes, when not puerile and superfluous. The publishers have done their share of the work faultlessly, and the books are cheap at 40 cents each.

Two new issues in the 'Falcon Series' (Longmans, 35 cents each) are 'The Taming of the Shrew' and 'The Tempest'; the former edited by Mr. H. H. Crawley, the latter by Mr. A. C. Liddell. They are much the same in plan as the Macmillan series, but the notes are better in some respects. They are not, however, so well printed, though they will compare favorably in this respect with many school editions published in this country.

On Novelties in Pathos

THIS JOURNAL has always been hospitable in its entertainment of starveling fancies. By so fine a phrase as starveling fancies 'tis but meant fancies to keep an author from starving. Thus, some time ago it entertained the fancy of a lying-in hospital for poor and virtuous writers while being delivered of their literary children. Then it housed the vagrant whim of a law for the destruction of all books a hundred years old and over, in order that living authors might not die through competition with those of the past. Now it is called upon to direct attention to a third need of the literary profession, which from its very nature cannot fail to arouse sympathy—perhaps evoke tears.

This may be styled the Need of Certain Novelties in Pathetic Fiction.

For the most cursory survey of the novel—of late this would seem to mean a survey much attended with curses—the most cursory survey of the novel brings out the novel fact that heroines and heroes have long been, and still are, greatly and persistently restricted in their methods of being pathetic. So very true is this, that the discovery of some new way of weeping might boldly be described as the crying need of the times.

Thus, to seize upon the first illustration that offers itself, there is the old way—used by the millions—of declaring that the heroine 'burst into tears.' But—come to think of it!—ought a heroine under any circumstances ever be represented as *bursting*? Is it not a most violent and uncontrollable action, scarce proper, and apt to be fatal, as in the case of—of—Sapphira? I know a nervous, near-sighted little girl who is a very slow reader. One day, having for the first time come upon this phrase, as applied to a heroine, of whom she had grown very fond, she read as far as the words 'she burst,' and then suddenly threw the book away with a scream of horror. 'My dearest child!' cried her mother, running up. 'What on earth is the matter?' 'O mamma,' exclaimed the little sufferer, who had herself burst

into tears, 'She burst! She burst! What a horrible death'.

It is impossible to read the phrase 'burst into tears' without thinking of the spout of a water-cart on a dusty street. The one thing in this world that does seem to *burst* into tears is that thing when the water is turned on.

And, then, there is another expression, also used by the millions and even more highly esteemed for very grand occasions:—'She cried as if her heart would break.' This simile is commonly held to designate the last degree of emotional extravagance—and it regularly leads up to something like a violent headache.

In certain newspaper offices there is kept on exhibition, it is said, a list of tabooed words as a warning to journalistic tyros. Now, no doubt, this was at first a most noble and affecting phrase; no doubt that for some hundred of years it wore well; but for a writer to use it in this age of the world! When a reader crosses it nowadays, all that he feels is a desire to have the writer before him that he may say:—'My dear Sir (or Madam), do you not *know* that this phrase has no pathos left in it except the power of awaking tearful sympathy for the unhappy being who employs it?'

Much like it, and if possible even worse, is another phrase:—'She cried herself sick.' You at once are led to enquire:—What form does this lady's sickness assume? Will she need camphor, or a mustard-plaster? How long will it take her to recover?

'She cried herself to sleep' is yet another popular favorite. But, really, if drowsiness overcame her and she got to sleep, she was doing pretty well after all; and a bulletin might be hung on the door of the lady's bedchamber:—'One o'clock, A.M. Patient sleeping quietly; and while there's life there's hope.'

'Cried her eyes out' might be thought a dangerous indulgence in grief, especially if one of the heroine's eyes happened to be a glass eye, as might possibly be the case.

'Tears stole down her cheeks.' This is an expression affected in certain quarters, although it is well that there should be as little stealing as possible. Still, it is better than 'chased,' as the form 'tears chased each other down her cheeks.' This idea suggests a gamboling frolic, as though the tears were having a merry time while trying to see which could get away fastest. It is about as pathetic as 'pearly fugitives' in 'Pamela.'

'She gave vent to her pent up feelings in a flood of tears' is another noble hyperbole. The implied argument is, that, as there was a flood of tears, there must have been a flood of grief. Therefore, it would be better to state definitely how large the flood was, in order to explain how great the grief was. Thus, one might emulate the specific language of a much-affected old lady, who boasted that on a certain occasion she cried enough to float a steamboat.

When the pathos is to be done by the villain of the story, who is possessed by remorse, or by a hardened criminal, who has melted under the burning eloquence of a prosecuting attorney, it is commonly said that he broke down and wept, 'wept like a child.' Look here, my friend, have you seen many children weep? Have you been in the habit of watching them on such occasions? Have you ever seen a boy-child weep when he suddenly found a bumblebee in the leg of his breeches? Have you ever seen a little girl-child weep when she had nearly bitten the end of her tongue off? It is greatly to be feared that this powerful simile—this esteemed master-stroke—is unreliable. At least when the writer says his villain wept like a child, he ought to explain what was the matter with the child.

When the weeping is to be done by a body—not a natural body, but a body corporate—it is usually declared that there was not 'a dry eye in the assemblage.' Yes; but, brother, sister, what *is* a dry eye? Think of that! Just try to imagine what a dry eye *would* be! On other occasions it is stated 'there was moisture in the eyes of all present.' Yes; that is strictly correct; there certainly *was* a moisture in the eyes of all present.

To go back, then, to the burden of our text, it does seem that there is much need of fresh forms in our pathetic nomenclature; and we have of late marked attempts to supply these. In fact, there are three classes of writers, as respects this general subject. First, the class of those who go on using the old, worn-out expressions, either not knowing that they are worn out, or careless and unable to devise better ones. For the present, this class may be given up as hopeless. There is, secondly, the class of those who reject the old forms, substituting others that are worse. For example, in a work of one of this class, there was lately met with the expression of 'tears besieging the eyes.' This was certainly novel enough—the figure being drawn from the department of military operations. And then, thirdly, there is a class of those—Heaven be with them!—who steer clear of the old similes while at the same time avoiding modern affectations. On the whole they adopt one of two methods: either they use direct simplicity, or delicate suggestion. 'Mary stood at the sepulchre weeping.' That is a model of the first form—simple, direct, perfect. It is nature itself, and from nature alone comes pathos. 'Jesus wept.' Can you improve upon this portraiture of the Divine sorrow?

The other method lies at the utmost remove from simplicity and directness. It will not so much as mention tears. As in nature, genuine emotion seeks to hide itself—as in nature, from the spectacle of emotion we ourselves turn away—so in art, keep from the reader the lineaments of sorrow. A hint, a gesture, the least circumstance, is enough: it is the atom of veiled allusion that makes pathos overwhelming. Stress, insistence and hyperbole weaken, fail.

Between these two methods, choice is a question of the writer's genius. Each is in its way perfect; each most easy or most difficult. But ill-betide him or her who in this age of the world allows the heroine to cry herself sick or the hero to weep like a child.

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

The Tilden Library

THE CASE of the nephews of the late Samuel J. Tilden against the executors of that distinguished citizen's will, was really a case of personal greed against the public good. The courts have decided in favor of personal greed. The will was offered for probate five years ago. The Supreme Court sustained it; the General Term of the Supreme Court declared it invalid; and the Court of Appeals has now sustained the latter ruling, four Judges taking this view of the case and three dissenting. The will has been considered by eleven judges in all, six of whom have held it to be invalid, while five have declared its provisions to be entirely within the law. A majority of one has thus debarred New York from becoming the home of one of the greatest free public libraries in the world. Six million dollars would have gone far toward realizing the dream of Gov. Tilden when he drew up his will in such a way as to leave the bulk of his fortune to the Tilden Trust; but in drawing up that document a single article was so indefinitely worded as to leave an opening for the contest that has been made with such lamentable results. On the barest technicality the testator's benevolent intention would have been wholly frustrated, but for a compromise effected with one of the heirs—Mrs. William B. Hazard, daughter of Mr. Tilden's sister Mrs. William T. Pelton. By the terms of an agreement made some time ago, this lady has magnanimously consented to accept \$1,000,000 in settlement of her claim to one-half of the estate. Some \$2,000,000 will thus be available for the execution of the expressed wishes of the man by whom the fortune in dispute was amassed. The rest will be divided up among the litigants who have thwarted the wishes of one of the most public-spirited men that ever signed a will.

MR. WILLIAM H. RIDEING's visit to Europe this year was made in behalf of *The Youth's Companion* and *The North American Review*—not *The Review of Reviews*, with which periodical he is not connected.

The Lounger

IT IS GENERALLY SUPPOSED that Tennyson's poem, 'The Flower,' contains a reference to the Laureate's imitators, who were more numerous twenty or thirty years ago than now; but Dr. W. J. Rolfe, the Shakespearean scholar, who has made a special study of the poet's writings, and who shared the common impression on this point, tells me that he has the highest authority for denying its correctness. While in England this summer, Dr. and Mrs. Rolfe went to Haslemere, Surrey, by invitation of Lord Tennyson, and spent the day at 'Aldworth'; and in referring to the tendency of people to ascribe a personal meaning to his writings, the poet cited 'The Flower' as an illustration, saying distinctly that it had no such specific purpose. The letter in which this bit of information is imparted was a private one, touching upon various subjects; but Dr. Rolfe has kindly consented to my giving some account of his visit to the Laureate's Surrey home. The house stands on the top of Blackdown, about a mile and a half from the Haslemere station. The Americans were received there so pleasantly that they felt at home from the first. Tennyson was in excellent health and spirits, and full of wit and anecdote. Talk about a crank who had thrust himself upon the poet and wanted to read 'Maud' to him led Tennyson to say that he himself could read 'Maud' better than anybody else. Mrs. Rolfe expressed a wish that they might have the pleasure of hearing him read some of it; and after luncheon he took his guests up to the library, and there read to them about two-thirds of the poem—all of Part I. except a few sections,—interspersing the reading with little luminous comments that were particularly interesting. 'Maud,' by the way, if not the favorite among his works, is one of his chief favorites. He was severe upon the critics who fail to understand the dramatic character of the poem, and said incidentally that he might claim to have invented a new form of poetry, unknown before and not attempted by others since—the *monodrama*, in which a whole drama is put into the mouth of a single speaker.

HIS READING, Dr. Rolfe declares, was admirable. The rhythmical effects were brought out very distinctly, while the meaning was no less clearly given. The musical passages in 'Come into the garden, Maud,' and other songs, were rendered in a manner that was veritably musical—almost like singing and yet most expressive reading at the same time—something quite indescribable. It was not at all like 'intoning,' which the poet detests, as he incidentally remarked, when reading about the 'dilettante delicate-handed priest.' Now and then in his reading he would stop and ask, 'Now, isn't that pretty good?' or to that effect—but with a twinkle in his eye that took all self-conceit out of the self-praise. Lady Tennyson received her guests lying on a sofa and was unable to come to the table, but was wonderfully bright and genial, and talked fluently and charmingly. Mr. Hallam Tennyson is also very genial and his wife is no less agreeable. Their devotion to Lord and Lady Tennyson is absolute and beautiful. Altogether the poet is most fortunately situated in his old age. His faculties are evidently unimpaired, and his senses likewise, except that he is slightly hard of hearing—a fact hardly noticeable unless in speaking to him across the room, or when his attention is diverted.

LORD TENNYSON'S stay at 'Aldworth' is drawing toward a close, and he will soon return to Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight. He has not for some years been so strong and well as he is at this moment, and it is thought that the regular periodical changes from the mild climate of the Isle of Wight to the bracing air of a country lying 800 feet or more above the sea level have had much to do with his amazing vigor of body and mind. He has, as usual, been constantly entertaining visitors from his first reaching 'Aldworth,' the latest being Lord Dufferin and Mr. Theodore Watts. Fixed in the wall of Freshwater Church as a memorial to Lionel Tennyson is a marble tablet on which these lines are inscribed:—

Truth for truth is truth he worshipt, being true as he was brave;
Good for good is good he follow'd, yet he looked beyond the grave.
Truth for truth, and good for good! The good, the true, the pure, the
just!
Take the charm 'for ever' from them, and they crumble into dust.

A. T.

I PRINTED on Oct. 10 a letter addressed to one of the editors of a literary journal published within a thousand miles of New York, in which exception was taken to that journal's reviews of the writings of a gifted novelist. Here is another (from New Haven) on the same subject:—'It is wonderful to a just and intelligent reader of your attack on the "Puritan Pagan" that you should speak of a writer of such marked talent as Julien Gordon as merely a "clever amateur,"

or of a woman of so great refinement and elegance, as "vulgar," and the people of fashion laugh at your lack of knowledge of the world, when you quote as anything unusual a twelve o'clock breakfast, that being the usual hour in France, and adopted by many fashionable in New York, for the second breakfast and what more natural for a woman of that circle to "nurse her complexion," did she find it needed it. A lovely woman deplore a sallow bilious skin, which is unpleasant to the fastidious eye. I am most curious to discover where the "indelicacy" can be in calling a "foreigner" Prince Pus Pus, which I am told is a name given to an old German family, and is of course pronounced *Puss Puss*. Could it be your idea that it was pronounced *puss*—which my dictionary tells me is a secretion-matter. As you say these are trifles, such trifles that I have seen people smile at them and remark, "The jealousy of a disappointed woman whose novel was a failure." Be this as it may, your criticism can have little weight in face of the fact that in less than three weeks a third edition of the "Puritan Pagan" was called for. Julien Gordon success is now made in Europe Spielhagen the great German critic having translated *Mdile. Reseda* in one of the best German magazines. There is also an Italian translation. And the *Diplomat* was published by an English house a year ago. The best critics such as Hazeltine and T. Wentworth Higginson praise this gifted writer's English in the highest terms and all are unanimous in praise of her remarkable terse and telling style. This letter is written as the expression of many who have read with indignation so unjust, trivial, and seemingly malicious an attack on Julien Gordon.

THERE ARE two sides to most questions, and as New Haven, Conn., has been heard from, it is only fair that Aberdeen, Washington, should be given a hearing. Each of these letters, I may say, bears the writer's signature, and in each case the author is a woman:—When "A Modern Instance" had just been completed in *The Century*, Mr. Cable, in my hearing, spoke of the novel in terms of warmest praise. "Howells deserves the gratitude of the whole country," he said, "for arresting, trying and convicting Bartley Hubbard, who has been going around all these years as a decent fellow." It was with a kindred feeling of gratitude that I read your criticism of Julien Gordon's last book. I have been waiting for months for some one to have courage to say that this author is vulgar in her treatment of men, women and things. Heretofore even such critics as Mr. Brander Matthews seem to have been awed into polite evasiveness by the much advertised fact that Julien Gordon is one four-hundredth part of New York's best society.

AN INDIGNANT correspondent calls my attention to a paragraph in *The Atlantic's* very interesting announcements of its programme for the coming year:—"The critical reviews of new books that are talked about—which remind one of the kind of writings only to be found in the London *Academy*, *Athenaeum* and *Saturday Review*—will be continued." "This," he exclaims, "to appear in the same magazine that first published Mr. Lowell's "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners"!—and a magazine whose poorest book-review is better than the best in either of the London periodicals mentioned with such snobbish awe!"

A FRIEND handed to me, a week or two ago, a magazine with a very striking design on its cover. A tall tree with short and bushy branches runs from the foot of the page to the top, and a string of young men and maidens runs from the right side to the left. The tree is at the left, and there is a huge building at the back, and one's first idea is that the tree is on fire, and the object of the young men and maidens is to extinguish the flames before they spread to the building. This impression is strengthened by the fact that all the runners wear a uniform, and that some of them—the maidens—carry a ladder. But it is weakened, again, by the fact that no flames are seen issuing from the tree, nor yet the smallest puff of smoke; and one is further reassured by the substantial and fire-proof aspect of the building at the back, which, on a second glance, is also seen to be too distant to be endangered by any number of blazing trees in the foreground.

SO THIS IS NOT a hook-and-ladder company to the rescue. What then can it be? Perhaps the uniform will afford some clew to the character of the runners. A close inspection shows it to consist of the cap and gown of the collegian; and the same careful examination of the tree discloses it to be, though resinous, a fruit-bearer, though not a prolific one, the fruits clustered near its top being not pears, or quinces, or persimmons, but (according to their labels) 'Ph. D.' 'A. M.' 'C. E.' etc., the highest degree being, appropriately enough, nearest to the top. So this is the Tree of Knowledge, and these young people are thirsting for its fruit;

and the whole riddle is unriddled when one deciphers the title of the magazine—*The Palo Alto*: 'for, of, to, with and by the students of Leland Stanford, Jr., University.' The first number, of which this is a copy, is dated 'Palo Alto, Cal., October, 1891,' and presents the Californian and extra-Californian world with portraits of Senator and Mrs. Stanford, their late son, in whose memory the University has been established, and President Jordan, to whose guidance it has been committed. The endowment of this great institution, including a vineyard with a capacity of 1,000,000 gallons of wine per year, and other lands to the extent of 85,400 acres, the whole valued at \$20,000,000—this vast endowment is what we have heard most of in the past; but now that the University has been formally opened, we shall doubtless hear less of its physical resources, and more of the work it is doing, the educational results it is accomplishing. And it has started off with a freshman class considerably larger than its founder dared to hope for.

THE TREE ON THE COVER of *The Palo Alto* will have to grow apace, if it is to accommodate all the young men and maidens who in the coming years will swarm to climb it. In the picture the young women are distanced in the race—not because they are less fleet of foot than their male competitors, but because of the ladder they bear. In the future it may be the 'divided skirt' will enable them to dispense with this factitious aid to climbing; in which event I shall look to see them win the tree-top abreast, if not in advance, of their emulous brothers.

THE CONFIDENCE MAN who recently preyed upon the good people of these United States under various aliases—as a nephew of Annie Besant, as a brother of Walter of that name, as a cousin of Sir William Gordon Cumming and as a son of Sir Morell MacKenzie—has turned up at last in England, where, as William Blakeswell, he has been taken into custody by the police for obtaining ten shillings under false pretenses. As I have chronicled the cist-Atlantic doings of this perverse young man, it is perhaps as well to let my readers know that, for the nonce at least, they are past his power to bilk them. He is an ingenious and ingenuous fellow, and I hope his fellow countrymen will persuade him to stay at home and let this large and busy and benevolent people be.

Boston Letter

A FEW WEEKS ago I mentioned that the grandfather of the late Herman Melville was a Bostonian, and since then I have heard with greater interest that he was the original of the quaint old gentleman whom Dr. Holmes has immortalized in 'The Last Leaf.' I took the liberty of inquiring of Dr. Holmes if Major Melville was the ancient worthy who, as you remember, had a thin nose which rested on his chin like a staff,

And a crook [was] in his back

And a melancholy crack

In his laugh.

I know it is a sin

For me to sit and grin

At him here;

But the old three-cornered hat,

And the breeches, and all that,

Are so queer!

To my inquiry Dr. Holmes replied:—"I remember Major Thomas Melville very well—in the early thirties, probably. He was one of the last, if not the last, of the three-cornered cocked-hat wearers, and like many others of his time and after it—my own father was one of them—wore knee-breeches. The figure of the sturdy old gentleman thumping round with his cane suggested my poem 'The Last Leaf.'"

This fact adds a broader laurel to the otherwise local fame of doughty old Major Melville. He was a patriot here in Boston, and one of the tea-tippers who used the basin of Boston harbor for a tea-pot at the time when good old ladies sighed in vain for their favorite beverage. His father, the son of a Scottish clergyman, was a merchant of Boston before him, while the son, aspiring to higher honors, became a major in the artillery, an energetic 'Rebel,' and then, when peace came, a civil officer of the Government. For forty years—a remarkably long period—he was Naval Officer and Surveyor of the Port of Boston. That position he gave up three years before his death, and as his demise occurred in the fall of 1832 it must be at least sixty years since Dr. Holmes saw him thumping along. The vigor of his old age is illustrated by the fact that in the last year of his life, when he was eighty-one years of age, he was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature.

The many friends of Miss Sarah Orne Jewett will hear with deep regret of the death of her mother. Their family was a very united one, each member an affectionate helpmate to the other. Mrs.

Caroline F. Jewett, who died on the 21st inst., at her home in South Berwick, Me., was the daughter of Dr. William Perry. I remember him well as a townsman when I lived in the picturesque New England village of Exeter, N. H. An extraordinary skilful surgeon, even after he had passed his eightieth year, he was one of the pillars of the town. Dr. Theodore H. Jewett, the father of the author, who died thirteen years ago, was a professor of the Medical School of Maine and President of the State Medical Society. Miss Jewett has two sisters living—Miss Mary R. Jewett and Mrs. Edwin C. Eastman.

It was a shock to see the daily papers blazoning the report of the poet Whittier's serious illness, and to know that the quick wires had carried the statement, before the local papers had been entirely read, all over the Union. The happy denial travelled swiftly after, but for a time, at least, thousands of people sorrowed over the 'news.' Only a little seed was required to spread this growth of rumor everywhere. A single penny paper received six lines from Amesbury, double-leaded and boldly headed the erroneous news—and the mischief was done. Every other paper, hurrying to catch up, appropriated the item for the earliest afternoon editions and let it run until the denial came. It was another illustration of the need in journalism pointed out recently by Col. T. W. Higginson; the summit of enterprise has been reached; the sure plain of accuracy is now to be sought by the best newspapers of the future.

The amusing report that came by cable regarding an unscrupulous rascal in England who was passing himself off as a son of the Rev. Phillips Brooks and a grandson—or was it nephew?—of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, has aroused the well-known Brookline divine, the Rev. Dr. Reuben Thomas, to the relation of an interview he enjoyed in London last July with the same fellow. The stranger has now changed his paternity, however, says Dr. Thomas, as he then masqueraded before the American clergyman as a son of Mr. Kennedy, the 'cracker' manufacturer, as the author of two novels, and as the head of a company of actors. Of course there was the financial hint in the conversation—the manager of his company had run off with all the funds; but Dr. Thomas was too wary to give him money. 'He is undoubtedly an unmitigated rascal,' declares Dr. Thomas, and no one will say him nay.

The name of Dr. Thomas and the allusion to England remind me of an anecdote which, I trust, may be repeated without harm. I think the excellent pastor can enjoy it himself. A party of English tourists were 'doing' Boston and vicinity, not long ago, and had the advantage of instructions from an American friend, in accordance with which, as they remembered them, they were soon in Brookline. There they were seen wandering, rather discontented, up and down a prominent street. A kindly-faced gentleman saw they were in a quandary and at once inquired if he could aid them. 'My dear sir,' replied the spokesman, 'we were sent to this street, I am sure, by our friend, but for the life of us can't see any sign—' and here he gazed blankly up and down the handsome modern highway. 'Any sign?' interrogated his listener. 'Yes, any sign, you know, of a ruin. Our friend said the ruins of St. Thomas's Church were here, and we ought to visit them.' And good—he should be Saint—Reuben Thomas pointed out his own church with the necessary explanations, much to the delight of the foreigners. To ease my conscience I must confess I am not absolutely certain it was the Reverend Doctor who acted as guide, but so the story was told to me by a very worthy gentleman of his denomination.

The church people of Massachusetts have this week started an excellent movement—the establishment of a 'Toynbee Hall' in Boston. Prof. Tucker of Andover has taken the lead and Andover graduates are expected to assist in the work. Social Christianity will be the line of work adopted at the 'Andover House,' as it will be called, with the evangelical work held subordinate to the philanthropical. Mr. Robert A. Woods, an Amherst graduate and the alumni lecturer at Andover this year, is to have charge of the House, giving his services free of charge. Mr. Woods has had the experience of a year's residence at Toynbee Hall and is an out-and-out reformer. His Andover lectures on 'English Social Movements' are to be published shortly by the Scribners.

Writing of church matters reminds me that Gail Hamilton, for the present at least, intends to discard politics and devote all her time to theological writings. She so declared to a friend in Boston last week while she was here for a day to call on Mr. and Mrs. Blaine as they passed through on their way to Washington. Miss Dodge added with a smile, as she explained the reason she did not contribute to the daily press: 'I'm afraid the general public doesn't care much about theology now.'

Although the acts of the Great and General Court which convenes under the sacred codfish on Beacon Hill rarely have attraction for the literary world, yet perhaps I may be permitted to speak of the results of one act of 1891, which is interesting

all public-spirited citizens. By that act a corporation to be known as the Trustees of Public Reservations was incorporated, with George F. Hoar (President), Leverett Saltonstall, Frederick L. Ames, Nathaniel S. Shaler, Francis A. Walker, Charles R. Codman and other gentlemen of equal standing as members, the corporation being given the power to secure, and hold for the public good, beautiful and historical places. Everyone who regrets the injuries yearly inflicted upon the interesting reminders of the past will be glad to give the corporation his aid and advice. Mr. J. B. Harrison has been appointed the agent to carry on the active work necessary.

Mr. Harrison, by the way, has several queries which he would like to propound to readers of *The Critic*. The best way to bring them forward is to quote his letter in full. 'I was at Scituate, Mass., a few days ago,' he writes, 'and saw the birthplace of Samuel Woodworth, the "Old Oaken Bucket" man. The well and the little old mill seem to be all that remains the same as when the poet saw the landscape. I think the place ought to be marked in some way. Since I was there I "wonder" a lot of things. 1. If you ever read Woodworth's "Confessions of a Sensitive Man," or his two-volume novel "The Champions of Freedom." 2. What became of his children—ten, I believe—or grandchildren. It was in Miss Harriet Woodworth's album, I believe, that Halleck wrote his verses "To a Poet's Daughter." 3. What the postoffice address of Lizette Woodworth Reese may be, or where any Woodworths of this family now are. 4. Whether there is a monument over Woodworth's grave in or near San Francisco.'

Can any reader give the desired information?

BOSTON, Oct. 27, 1891.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

"Lettarblair"

IT IS NOT OFTEN that the first play of an author meets with so favorable a reception as that which was accorded to the 'Lettarblair' of Miss Marguerite Merington, which had an experimental performance in the Lyceum Theatre last week, and it is still more seldom that the favorable reception is deserved. In its present shape the piece would not be likely to win success with the general public, as the construction betrays the awkwardness of inexperience and the plot has the two-fold disadvantage of being exceedingly improbable and exceedingly transparent. The first act is particularly weak, not only in the serious passages, which are in direct opposition to everyday human experience, but in the lighter dialogue, which has none of the freshness and originality displayed in the second and third. It is not necessary to say anything about the story, the strength of the piece lying in two or three scenes incidental to the action but in no way dependent upon it. The first of these is farce—a rollicking episode in the quarters of a young officer, on the morning after a night of heavy drinking. The fun arises chiefly from the efforts of a persistent dun to extract money from the hero, who sells a horse by auction from the window, while his friends defend the door. The situation is no more extravagant than dozens of those in the novels of Lever or Lover, and the fun is made more effective by the introduction of occasional notes of pathos. In this there are bits of realism highly suggestive of a skilled masculine hand, but the succeeding scene, in which the heroine is imprisoned by the door closing upon her petticoats, is wholly feminine, and is written with an originality, humor, delicacy and naturalness which are full of promise. This scene delighted the audience and changed all the prospects of the performance. It was followed by an ingenious and well-written but overwrought situation, in which the hero is enabled to justify himself in the eyes of the girl who loves him, and by a charming love-scene, full of fresh humor, which brought the curtain down amid enthusiastic applause.

Miss Merington's success, as may be judged from these few remarks, was literary rather than dramatic, and it seems plain that her talents shine more in comedy than in melodrama. Her most urgent need is a knowledge of the rudiments of the art of construction, which she ought to be able to acquire without difficulty. Her next effort at play-making will be awaited with interest, for real literary ability upon the stage is very rare.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

CHAPLIN—that strange English-Frenchman who painted Boucher-like subjects with all the *naïveté* of a Gréuze—is the subject of a sympathetic biographical sketch, by Marion Hepworth Dixon, in *The Magazine of Art* for November. There is a full-length portrait of the painter, standing before his easel, and there are reproductions of several of his charming and coquettish compositions. David Murray, A.R.A., is the subject of another biographical and critical notice, illustrated after some of his excellent Scotch land-

scapes. Among the illustrations to Claude Phillips's article on 'The Sculpture of the Year' is one of Mr. McMonnies's statue of Nathan Hale. The illustrations by J. F. Sullivan to his article on 'The Comic Paper' are not any better than his anecdotes about the profession. He had often noticed and wondered at a strange peculiarity in a brother artist's work, whose children all looked aged, and whose females seemed incomplete without a beard. Calling on him one day at an unseasonable hour, he found his worthy father posing to him in tucked up trousers and a pinafore as a little boy at the sea-side for some midsummer ramble. He explains the evolution—in caricatures—of Mr. Gladstone's shirt-collar, Mr. Chamberlain's eye-glass, Lord Randolph Churchill's frills and mouse's tail, and coolly intimates that these statesmen would be more imposing if they were like their caricatures. The frontispiece is an etching after Julien Dupré's picture, 'The White Cow.'

—Work upon the Fine Arts Building, 211 to 215 West 57th Street, the future home of the Society of American Artists, the Architectural League and the Art Students' League, was begun this month. When completed the four-story edifice will have cost \$150,000. The foundation will be of granite, extending to the first-story windows, and the building above will be of Hoosier blue Indiana limestone, which is considered the best obtainable for delicate carving. The main doorway will be elaborately carved, having on either side stone candelabra twelve feet in height, the design being taken from the museum in Paris. Hardenbergh, Hunting & Jacobsen are the architects, and their plans give promise of a very handsome and substantial building.

—At the Institute for Artist Artisans the Department of Applied Design on Textiles and Wall Paper has been opened by Mrs. Candace Wheeler.

—An important decision in regard to the importation of antique art-works was given on the 22d inst. by Judge Lacombe, in the United States Circuit Court. Mr. Henry G. Marquand imported a bronze statuette of Eros, said to be over 2,000 years old, and the Collector imposed a duty of 15 per cent. on the cost price of \$20. George F. Baker imported for his art cabinet a Chinese jade vase, said to be very ancient, and the Collector held this to be dutiable at 20 per cent. On the other hand, it was claimed that the articles should be admitted free, as antiquities, and an appeal was taken in both cases. Judge Lacombe sustained the claims to free entry, reversing the decision of the Collector.

—The evening Art School of Cooper Union, for men, which will be opened on Monday, promises to be even fuller than usual. The day Art School, for women, opened a few days ago. The large new studio on the top floor of the building will not be finished until next year.

Lowelliana

The Century's OFFERING

THE OCTOBER *Century* contains, in its editorial department, *Topics of the Time*, a carefully considered, forcibly written and just estimate of the late poet-patriot, from which we take these two paragraphs:—

As a poet, whatever comparisons may be made with his predecessors or contemporaries, at home or abroad, whatever just criticisms may be recorded, we believe it will be found at the end that a large part of his verse has passed into literature, there to remain. The originality, vitality, intensity, and beauty of the best of it are self-evident. Although a true, spontaneous poet, his life had other strong interests and engrossing occupations, and the volume of his verse does not equal that of others whose careers have extended beside his own; his impression as a poet upon his time has not equalled that of others. It may, indeed, be said that if as strongly poetic in nature as they, he would have been dominated as exclusively as were they by the poetic mood. However this may be, the quality of his genius, as shown in his best work, was, we believe, quite as fine as that of any poet writing English in his day. No one can read his last volume of verse without being impressed anew by the vigor, variety, and spontaneous character of Lowell's poetic gift. Even his literary faults are of such a nature as to testify to the keenness of his thought and the abundance of his intellectual equipment.

But, after all, perhaps the most striking thing in Lowell's career was not the brilliancy of his mind, his many-sided and extraordinary ability,—but the fact that in every department of his intellectual activity was distinguished the note of the patriot. He loved letters for art's sake; he used letters for art's sake—but also for the sake of the country. His poetic fervor, his unique humor, the vehicle of his pithy and strenuous prose, his elegant and telling oratory—all these served fearlessly the cause of American democracy, of which he was the most commanding exponent in the in-

tellectual world of our day. His keen sense of the responsibilities of citizenship, added to his native genius, made him from early life—in the true and undegraded sense of the word—a politician, and an effective one, as well as a statesman whose writings are an arsenal of human freedom.

A poem, printed as a postscript to the number, contains this passage:—

But not for ourselves alone are we spent in grieving,—
For the stricken Land we mourn whose light is darkened,
Whose soul in sorrow went forth in the night-time with thine.
Lover and laureate thou of the wide New World,
Whose pines, and prairies, and people, and teeming soil
Where was shaken of old the seed of the freedom of men,
Thou didst love as a strong man loveth the maiden he woos,—
Not the woman he toys with, and sings to, and, passing, forgets,—
Whom he woos, whom he wins, whom he weds, his passion, his
pride,
Who no shadow of wrong shall suffer, who shall stand in his sight
Pure as the sky of the evil her foeman may fling,
Save by word or by thought of her own in her whiteness un-
touched,
And wounded alone of the lightning her spirit engenders.

In the November number, which contains a capital full-page portrait of the poet from a photograph by Pach, Mr. George E. Woodberry, Columbia's new Professor of Literature in English, fills several pages with the results of a broad view of Lowell's collected writings. He concludes by saying:—

Notwithstanding his acquirements in general and the special perfection of his literary culture, which are felt throughout his writings in their mass, it would appear that his self-expression, whether on the more scholarly, or the civic, or the simplest human side, has been more spontaneous than is commonly thought. Spontaneity, in fact, is the very quality that ought to be selected and set first in characterizing his work. It is true that the spontaneity of a complex mind wears a different aspect from that of a simpler nature, but essentially it is the same, and brings with it the same reality of life, the same genuineness and sincerity, on account of which it is justly thought to be a primary element in the genius of great writers and true poets. The intrinsic and artistic worth of Mr. Lowell's works has been purposely subordinated here but that part of criticism of them is not in any risk of misapprehension or forgetfulness. The simplicity of his nature, as shown in his works, beneath the diversity of his interests and the subtle refinements of his intellectual part, the unity of his life as poet, citizen, and thinker, and the harmonious interplay of his faculties one with another, and especially the directness of his expression in every mode of writing, have not been hitherto so much recognized as was right; and only by attending to these primary traits can one be just to a great writer.

When Mr. Lowell was lightly abused by the press for his *Nation* poems 'The World's Fair' and 'Tempora Mutantur,' in 1875, Joel Benton wrote a defense of his attitude in *The Christian Union*. The private letter which this article called forth Mr. Benton prints on the page facing the portrait; and a portion of the passage reproduced herewith, consisting of the lines which we have italicised, is taken as the text of a brief editorial in *Topics of the Time*. Mr. Lowell wrote:—

Democracy is, after all, nothing more than an experiment like another, and I know only one way of judging it—by its results. Democracy in itself is no more sacred than monarchy. *It is Man who is sacred, it is his duties and opportunities, not his rights, that nowadays need reinforcement. It is honor, justice, culture, that make liberty invaluable, else worse than worthless, if it mean only freedom to be base and brutal.* As things have been going lately, it would surprise no one if the officers who had Tweed in charge should demand a reward for their connivance in the evasion of that popular hero. I am old enough to remember many things, and what I remember I meditate upon. My opinions do not live from hand to mouth. And so long as I live I will be no writer of birthday odes to King Demos any more than I would be to King Log, nor shall I think our cant any more sacred than any other. Let us all work together (and the task will need us all) to make Democracy possible. It certainly is no invention to go of itself any more than the perpetual motion. Forgive me for this long letter of justification, which I am willing to write for your friendly eye though I should scorn to make any public defense. Let the tenor of my life and writings defend me.

THE *Indépendance Belge* AND *The Athenaeum*

WE CLIP the following paragraphs from the Listener in a recent number of the Boston *Evening Transcript* :—

The Listener struck an odd account of Mr. Lowell yesterday in a copy of the *Indépendance Belge*, the great newspaper of Brussels. It was written from London to that paper, and is interesting here from its evident opinion that Mr. Lowell was a very different man from the great majority of his fellow citizens, and from the hitherto locally unknown anecdotes it contains. 'There is no greater pleasure for the citizens over the Atlantic,' says the Belgian writer, 'than that of railing against their mother country, and playing her all sorts of *enfant terrible* tricks. In their nasal twang, they call it *tordre la queue du lion britannique*; or as we say, "pulling grandmother's wig." "Why," said a Manchester man to Mr. Lowell one day, "aren't you an Englishman?" He was astonished to find an American cut in the measure of Belgravia. And the Yankee poet replied, with a wit which his countrymen have as yet failed to see the delicate justice of, "Yes, I am an Englishman—because I'm not a redskin." * * *

Speaking of Mr. Lowell the Listener has heard several people mention the criticism of the dead poet's work and appreciation of his character contained in Mr. Theodore Watts's *Athenaeum* article, copied in the *Transcript* Saturday. Mr. Watts was an artist before he was a poet and a critic, and has the artist's and poet's way of expressing himself without much regard for logic—of painting right out with words, as it were, the precise thought that is in him. Some of his remarks about Mr. Lowell's Puritanism, and that of New England people in general, seem a little dogmatic. Of course we are glad to believe that Puritanism, in the high and complimentary sense in which Mr. Watts speaks of it, does exist in New England in very large measure; and it is evident that it permeates Unitarians, Anglicans, Catholics, as well as the old 'orthodox' New England communion. But it is not so radically predominant a thing here as an English critic might suppose; and if Mr. Lowell had not escaped in a considerable degree from Puritanism at almost every step he would never have been the great poet that he was. A man who could live as Mr. Lowell did, in the thought and almost worship of trees and birds, must have had a good deal of redeeming pagan virtue in him. That much of Mr. Lowell's poetry was not musical has been known a long time. Mr. Watts puts Mr. Lowell and Dante Gabriel Rossetti into the same category in their tendency to throw the accent in their lines upon weak words; and what superb poets both men were! Is it not possible that both were conscious that there is a melody above melodies, and an accent of thought and color as well as one of sound? For all this, Mr. Watts's study was an excellent one; and what he says about the relation of Americans and Englishmen is well worth American reading.

Lord Tennyson's New Play

THOUGH the central figure of Lord Tennyson's new play is Maid Marian, it is premature as yet to affirm, as some newspapers have done, that Miss Rehan's part will give the title to the play. Several titles are under discussion. The character, it need scarcely be said, is much more subtly drawn and much more piquante than the Maid Marian of Chettle and Monday's play, the heroine who, in answer to Robert's laudation to woodland life, says, with exquisite sweetness :—

Marian hath all, sweet Robert, having thee;
And guesses thee as rich in having me.

Originally drawn for an English actress whose beautiful genius must needs be in harmony with any character that is beautiful, Lord Tennyson's Maid Marian was afterwards admired by Miss Mary Anderson, to whom the play was read. She, indeed, signed an agreement to produce the play, and would have done so this last season had not a still more interesting subject occupied her attention—her marriage. It would be difficult to say whether the exquisite *naïveté* of our leading English actress or the animal spirits and electric *verve* of Miss Rehan are most in harmony with the Maid Marian whom Lord Tennyson has given to the English stage. Since the agreement with Mr. Daly, however, the play has been altered here and there during the last fortnight, in order to harmonize the part more completely with the special temper of the actress who is about to take it.

Paragraphs have appeared in the newspapers stating that the subject of Robin Hood was suggested by an eminent actor to the Laureate as being adapted for a play. The matter is not important; but it is always difficult to say how any subject has been suggested to a poet's mind. In art the treatment is what concerns us. But there are reasons why the suggestion is more likely to have come from the poet himself. As a Midlander Lord Tennyson could not fail to be in very especial sympathy with the spirit of

those ballads which recount the doings and the glories of the Midland hero Robin Hood, that prince of robbers, whose exploits under the greenwood tree have been impudently stolen by Northern ballad-mongers and given to Adam Bel, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesdale, and the like 'Scotch impostors,' as George Borrow used to call them. I say 'spirit' of the ballads as distinguished from their letter, for the difference between Northern and Midland ballad poetry is that the Midland ballads are modern degenerations of much finer poems that are lost, while the Northern ballads have come down to us in the form in which they were originally chanted, when sympathy with poetry was not confined, as it now is, to the very few. Although in Lincolnshire the exploits of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, are not so implicitly believed in by the peasantry as they are in Nottinghamshire, Northamptonshire, Rutland, and Huntingdonshire, Robin is, nevertheless, an important personage there, while as to Warwickshire, the forest of Arden lies, we may be sure, very close to 'Merrie Sherwood,' and not so very far from Stratford and Shottery. For it seems to have been the especial pride of the banished duke to be 'like the Old Robin Hood of England' and a many merry men with him.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the poet of 'Locksley Hall' should be the dramatist of the robber hero of 'Loxley village.' In these days, when there is such a recrudescence of the love of the 'greenwood tree' that it seems as strong almost as it was when 'The Faerie Queene' was written, it is no wonder if the Laureate saw that a fine acting play might be made out of the story of his own Midland hero; for our English poets have more worldly wisdom than it is the fashion to suppose. Lord Tennyson, we may be sure, needed no friend's suggestion to see with a very sagacious eye that in this story of Robin Hood are combined two sources of immense interest, one general, the other local: the great human passion for robbers which the poets share, and the great Teutonic passion for leafage, the expression of which they almost claim as their peculiar function. None know better than these same sagacious bards that it is almost impossible for mankind really to idolize any hero who has not in him something of the charm of the robber. Your hero may even be an Alexander, a Cæsar, or a Napoleon, but still, as the poets well know, all the hero's prowess and genius will not suffice to set him on the very loftiest pedestal if the one great heroic quality is lacking. There can be no perfect hero who does not steal. Fascinating as is the narrative of Herodotus, and calculated at every page, one would think, to fasten itself upon the youthful imagination, I have generally found that, while the British boy is ignorant or oblivious of such lovely stories as that of Cleobis and Biton and as that of the son of King Croesus, who, though cursed by deafness and dumbness owing to the king's own arrogance, found speech at the right moment—that saved his father's life when the Persian's sword was at his throat—there was one story fixed for ever in the deepest recesses of schoolboy brain, that of the adorable robbers who contrived to steal the treasures from the strong room of Rhampsinitus. And to the mind of this same British boy the phrase 'Arabian Nights' is simply synonymous with the phrase 'Forty Thieves,' and the phrase 'Waverley Novels' means 'Rob Roy,' while the most effectual of all ways to make a lazy boy work at German is to give him Schiller's 'Robbers' to read. Now, of all bandits our Midland hero is the most delightful :—

He suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or otherwise molested [Stowe takes care to assure us]; poor men's goodes he spared, abundantly relieving them with that which by theft he got from the abbeys and the houses of rich old carles, whom Marior blameth for his rapine and theft, but of all the theeve he affirmeth him to be the prince, and the most gentle theefe.

And that the exploits of such a hero should never have been adequately dramatized is the really remarkable thing.

'The Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon,' once attributed to Heywood, but which is proved to be the joint work of Chettle and Monday, can hardly be called an adequate rendering of such a subject, though such a description of the delights of the forest as the following lines contain shows a real sympathy on the part of the dramatist with that passion for leafage which was vital in England down almost to the time of the Restoration :—

Marian, thou see'st, tho' courtly pleasures want,
Yet country sport in Sherwood is not scant:
For the soul ravishing delicious sound
Of instrumental music, we have found
The winged quiristers, with divers notes
Sent from their quaint recording pretty throats,
On every branch that compasseth our bower,
Without command contenting us each hour.
For arras hangings and rich tapestry,
We have sweet Nature's best embroidery.
For thy steel glass, wherein thou wanst to look,
Thy chryatal eyes gaze in a chryatal brook.

At Court a flower or two did deck thy head ;
Now with whole garlands it is circled :
For what we want in wealth, we have in flowers ;
And what we lose in halls, we find in bowera.

It is not wonderful, perhaps, that so few poets have inherited the Elizabethan love of leafage, and that for the most part the mountains, or else the grass and the flowers, have taken the place among the poets that whispering leaves used to take. Keats alone, unless it be William Morris, is as fully imbued as Lord Tennyson with the magic of the woods and the mysterious messages whispered by the leaves, and the reason is that since the time when Shakespeare and Fletcher depicted forest life, and when Brown sang of the leaves, the woodlands of England have been gradually vanishing. This is why a purely woodland play like the one which all the English-speaking people are eager to see seems to come so opportunely.

THEODORE WATTS, in *The Athenaeum*.

International Copyright

A BRIEF LAY SERMON

A RECENT NUMBER of *The Author* of London, the organ of the Society of Authors, contained this little sermon :

The French 'Syndicat pour la protection de la propriété littéraire et artistique' has presented a gold medal to Senator Platt for the part which he has taken 'in the triumph of a just cause.' Certain American publishers have presented a loving-cup to Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson for his exertions in the cause of International Copyright, and the French Government has conferred upon Messrs. Johnson, Putnam, Adams, and Simonds the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. What have we done? What has our Government done? Nothing. Yet the benefits conferred upon us by this Act are a thousand times greater than those conferred upon the French. It is useless, I suppose, to think that any English Government will ever act, under any circumstances, as if Literature and Art were things of any value or importance. No other country so deeply indebted to four foreigners as we are to the four gentlemen who have received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor would neglect them; no other country could afford to be so boorish; in every other country they would at least be offered something equivalent to our knighthood of the Bath. Such an act of courtesy, such a sense of gratitude, we may expect in vain. It is not, however, too late for ourselves to do something. Let us do it, and that at once. The time approaches when we shall be all back in our places; let the first step taken by the Society after the vacation be one of simple justice and acknowledgment of gratitude.

The Library of a Literary Worker

[Dr. Amelia B. Edwards in *The Arena*]

IF MY VISITOR is admitted at all, which for reasons which I will presently state is extremely doubtful, he passes through the hall, leaving the dining-room to his right and the drawing-room to his left, and is ushered along a passage, also lined with lattice-work, through a little ante-room, and into my library. This is a fair-sized room with a bay of three windows at the upper end facing eastward. My writing-table is placed somewhat near this window; and here I sit with my back to the light facing whomsoever may be shown into the room.

Sitting thus at my desk, the room to me is full of reminiscences of many friends and many places. The walls are lined with glazed bookcases containing the volumes which I have been slowly amassing from the time I was fourteen or fifteen years of age. I cast my eyes round the shelves, and I recognize in their contents the different lines of study which I have pursued at different periods of my life. Like the geological strata in the side of a cliff, they show the deposits of successive periods, and remind me, not only of the changes which my own literary tastes have undergone, but also of the various literary undertakings in which I have been from time to time engaged. The shelves devoted to the British poets carry me back to a time when I read them straight through without a break, from Chaucer to Tennyson. A large number of histories of England and works of British biography are due to a time when I was chiefly occupied in writing the letterpress to 'The Photographic Historical Portrait Gallery,'—a very beautiful publication illustrated with photographs of historical miniatures, which never reached a second volume, and is now, I believe, extremely scarce. An equally voluminous series of histories of Greece and Rome, and of translations of the Greek and Latin poets, marks the time when I first became deeply interested in classic antiquity. To this phase also belong the beginnings of those archaeological works which I have of late years accumulated almost to the exclusion of all other books, as well as my collection of volumes upon Homer,

which nearly fill one division of a bookcase. When I left London some six and twenty years ago to settle at Westbury-on-Trym, I also added to my library a large number of works on the fine arts, feeling, as every lover of pictures must do, that it is necessary, in some way or another, to make up for the loss of the National Gallery, the South Kensington Museum, and other delightful places which I was leaving behind. At this time, also, I had a passion for Turner, and eagerly collected his engraved works, of which I believe I possess nearly all. I think I may say the same of Samuel Prout. Of Shakespeare I have almost as many editions as I have translations of Homer; and of European histories, works of reference generally, a writer who lives in the country must, of course, possess a goodly number. Of rare books I do not pretend to have many. A single shelf contains a few good old works, including a fine black-letter Chaucer, the Venetian Dante of 1578, and some fine examples of the Elizabethan period. I soon found, however, that this taste was far too expensive to cultivate. Last of all, in what I may call the upper Egyptological stratum of my books, come those on Egypt and Egyptian archaeology, a class of works deeply interesting to those who make Egyptology their study, but profoundly dull to everybody else.

Such are my books. If, however, I were to show my visitor what I consider my choicest treasures, I should take down volumes which have been given to me by friends, some now far distant, others departed. Here, for instance, is the folio edition of Dore's 'Don Quichotte,' on the fly-leaf of which he signs himself as my 'ami affectueux'; or some of the works of my dear friend of many years, John Addington Symonds, especially 'Many Moods,' which he has dedicated to myself. Or I would take down the first volume of 'The Ring and the Book,' containing a delightful inscription from the pen of Robert Browning; or the late Lord Lytton's version of the Odes of Horace, in which is inserted an interesting letter on the method and spirit of his translation, addressed to me at the time of its publication. Next to this stands a presentation copy of Sir Theodore Martin's translation of the same immortal poems. To most persons these would be more interesting than other and later presentation volumes from various foreign savants—Maspero, Naville, Ebers, Wiedemann, and others.

I am often asked how many books I possess; and I can only reply that I have not the least idea, having lost count of them for many years. Those which are in sight are attired in purple and fine linen, beautiful bindings having once upon a time been one of my hobbies; but behind the beautiful bindings, many of which were executed from my own designs, are other books in modest cloth and paper wrappers; so that the volumes are always two rows, and sometimes even three rows, deep. If I had not a tolerably good memory, I should certainly be very much perplexed by this arrangement, the more especially as my only catalogue is in my head.

I fear I am allowing myself to say too much about my books; yet, after all, they represent a large part of myself. My life, since I have lived at The Larches, has been one of ever-increasing seclusion, and my books have for many years been my daily companions, teachers, and friends. Merely to lean back in one's chair now and then—merely to lean back and look at them—is a pleasure, a stimulus, and in some sense a gain. For, as it seems to me, there is a virtue which goes out from even the backs of one's books; and though to glance along the shelves without taking down a single volume be but a Barmecide feast, yet the tired brain is consciously refreshed by it. * * *

"The Queen of Circulating Libraries"

[G. W. S., in the *Tribune*]

A NEW NOVEL by Miss Braddon is advertised by her new publishers as shortly forthcoming.—'Gerard; or, The World, the Flesh and the Devil,' in three volumes. There are people who say the three-volume novel is dead or dying, but you see it is not. The new publishers, Messrs. Simpkin, seize this occasion to advertise their new connection with Miss Braddon, and her old novels. They 'have the pleasure to announce that they have become sole authorized publishers for Miss Braddon's novels, both for those issued in the past, and for those to be published in the future. They supply the Trade, whether wholesale or export, on the same terms as heretofore.' If it were a new crop of this season's tea from China, could the announcement be made in terms more strictly those of commerce? Miss Braddon's novels are always in print, add her purveyors; precisely as an Oxford Street tradesman proclaims a good line of these eleven-and-sixpenny best calf shoes always in stock.

Do not let us hold the novelist responsible for the vagaries of her publisher; only for her own. The list of her productions issued in the past is given below the production to be published

in the near future. How many of them do you suppose there are? The number is exactly fifty-one. 'Gerard' will make exactly fifty-two—as many novels by this still-living author as there are weeks in the year. I think they were all originally published in three volumes each—156 volumes. The volumes must average nearly 300 pages each; and the grand total of printed pages from Miss Braddon's perennial pen cannot be much less than 50,000. In the endeavor to make this arithmetical estimate of Miss Braddon's literary productiveness complete, I turned to the inaccurate Allibone for the date of her first novel. Will you believe that this lady's name does not appear in it? That it does not is no reproach to the inaccurate Allibone, but a proof of the omitted novel-wright's fertility. Allibone's first volume was published in 1859, and 'Lady Audley's Secret' did not appear till 1862. * * * Miss Braddon's fifty-two novels and 156 volumes and 50,000 pages have therefore all been produced during less than thirty years. Her average is almost two novels a year; almost six volumes a year; almost 2000 pages a year; and therefore almost six pages a day for each day during all these thirty years. Is it likely that work of the highest class, or of a high class, can be produced at this rate with this uninterrupted continuosness? Is it likely to be literature? Do, in fact, Miss Braddon's fifty-two volumes form part of the literature of the period? And will Mr. Marion Crawford take warning by such an example? Will he study these figures a little? Probably not. He, too, can produce two or three stories a year, and find a market for them, and there is praise, as well as pudding, to reward his industry.

Miss Braddon, says a society journal, whom her new publisher quotes admiringly in large type, 'is the Queen of circulating libraries.' What a eulogy! What a position! What a sovereignty!

* * *

Current Criticism

NO ROOM FOR IBSEN IN ENGLAND'S PANTHEON.—This it is that brings us back to the author's great quality, the quality that makes him so interesting in spite of his limitations, so rich in spite of his lapses—his habit of dealing essentially with the individual caught in the fact. Sometimes, no doubt, he leans too far on that side, loses sight too much of the type-quality and gives his spectators free play to say that even caught in the fact his individuals are mad. We are not at all sure, for instance, of the type-quality in *Hedda*. Sometimes he makes so queer a mistake as to treat a pretty motive, like that of 'The Lady from the Sea,' in a poor and prosaic way. He exposes himself with complacent, with irritating indifference to the objector as well as to the scoffer, he makes his 'heredity' too short and his consequences too long, he deals with a homely and unesthetic society, he harps on the string of conduct, and he actually talks of stockings and legs, in addition to other improprieties. He is not pleasant enough, nor light enough, nor casual enough; he is too far from Piccadilly and our glorious standards. Therefore his cause may be said to be lost; we shall never take him to our hearts. It was never to have been expected, indeed, that we should, for in literature religions usually grow their own gods, and *our* heaven—as everyone can see—is already crowded. But for those who care, in general, for the form that he has practised he will always remain one of the talents that have understood it best and extracted most from it, have effected most neatly the ticklish transfusion of life. If we possessed the unattainable, an eclectic, artistic, disinterested theatre, to which we might look for alternation and variety, it would be a point of honor in such a temple to sacrifice sometimes to Henrik Ibsen.—*Henry James, in The New Review.*

THE ENGLISH RACE SUMMED UP IN BROWNING.—An interesting glimpse of Robert Browning is given to us by Paul Desjardins, a French writer. 'He was a little man,' says Desjardins, 'but stout and robust; at the first glance one was struck with his look of blooming health and moral equilibrium. His gestures were quick; his color fresh and sanguine, even in old age, when his beard and hair were snowy white; his gray eyes seemed to be held in restraint beneath their lids, but they looked out piercingly when turned upon you full face. His whole small person wore that conquering and adventurous air of the *bon enfant* which the men of pure Norman breed still have, inherited, doubtless, from ancestors who voyaged far. When talking with strangers Browning's courtesy was extreme, almost too complimentary, too considerate, of a lightness which almost appeared affected, so much he seemed to wish to disconcert the idea of him one would have formed beforehand. He talked of the weather, of the gloom of London, the happy skies of Italy, etc., evidently playing a part so as to elude anything that would proclaim him as "poet." Among friends he forgot himself a little more; and then he discoursed freely and with

vigor, walking about like an officer on his quarter-deck; expressing himself in precise, concrete sentences limited to the subject in hand, "This is of that kind, that is thus," never proceeding by general statements—and then, all at once, growing ironical, or violent, but never using cut-and-dried phrases—he revealed the inner flame of his ardent nature. I seek to conjure up in this way, after his death, the real Browning, because he alone in the poetry of our time has given proof of the love of action, and has perfectly expressed it. I find none like him in that respect among the living. In literature, consequently, he is great as a dramatist; for the gift of being best pleased, most interested in action—the gift of valor—is the characteristic of the drama, and in that essential none surpass him. Consequently, also, in life Browning is a greater inciter, an inspirer and master of conduct. The race, *par excellence*, active and strong of will—the English race—is, as it were, all summed up in him.

THE 'NEW MOVEMENT IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.'—A few years ago the promise of a stirring immediate future in literature was, to close and unprejudiced observers, distinctly more marked in the United States than in Great Britain. In every literary art, save that of criticism, the younger men exhibited a readiness to be independent of convention, betrayed that flexibility toward a new point of departure which Sainte-Beuve indicates as characteristic of the potent spirits of our epoch, which assuredly alone testifies to original and liberal motive power. But within the last few years, both in art and literature, there has been among us a growing ferment, the few first-fruits of which have passed almost unnoticed, but out of which a strong and regenerative influence is to grow rejoicingly, and be militant, dominant, sovereign among us, late inheritors though we be. Nevertheless, the 'new movement,' which is rather definable as the new spirit, is more generally and actively at work among our cousins over-sea than among ourselves. If Poe's plea that 'a long poem' is simply a flat contradiction in terms be acceptable, then the contemporary younger transatlantic poets are ahead of our own, as are, indisputably, the short story-writers over their British *confrères*. The brief lyric and the quatrain are cultivated with refined taste and skill. The quatrain hardly exists among us, though Landor and a few poets have fashioned one or two lovely and enduring examples of this poetic species. It is extraordinary what a complete and satisfying effect can be produced by a quatrain which fulfills in the highest degree the requirements of the form. * * * As for short stories which are works of art as well as entertaining tales, as rare in our literature as sprays of white heather among leagues of purple, these are to be found in America almost as often, and not infrequently of as rare a quality, as in France itself.—*The National Review.*

Notes

The Atlantic Monthly's attractions for next year will include Marion Crawford's 'Don Orsino'; a series of 'papers on Marked Men,' being articles on George Bancroft, Orestes Brownson, James B. Eads and others; 'An American at Home in Europe,' the subject and author at once being William Henry Bishop, the novelist; Mr. James's paper on Lowell, Japanese papers by Lafcadio Hearn and E. F. Ferrollosa, studies of American cities, and articles on the improvement of town life.

—Mr. Henry B. Fuller, author of 'The Chevalier of Pensier-Vani,' has just returned to Chicago from a visit to Boston and New York.

—Mr. Charles G. Leland ('Hans Breitmann') is editing 'The Life and Adventures of James P. Beckwourth,' mountaineer, scout, and pioneer, and chief of the Crow Indians, for the Macmillan's Adventure Series. The book will be published at the end of the year.

—Miss Katharine Pearson Woods, author of 'Metzerott, Shoemaker,' is at work on a novel in which hypnotism will be considered, and in which she will illustrate the idea 'that the power of one mind over another is more or less the power of Conscience, that the good power can never be overcome by the evil power though individuals may yield to it.'

—It is two years since Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson took up his abode in Samoa, and he is now completely restored to health; but through many of his letters to friends can be traced the longing for England and the society of his intellectual fellows. 'He has worked very hard,' says *The Athenaeum*, 'over his "Letters from the South Seas," rewriting some of them as many as four times; but they have pleased neither himself nor his admirers. The study of the history and language of the islands, into which his enthusiasm plunged him, has not had a happy effect on the "Letters," as it has robbed them of the vividness and spontaneity of a traveller's impressions.'

—Mr. Stedman's lectures on 'The Nature and Elements of Poetry' at Columbia College will be an 'optional course,' so far as the students are concerned; attendance by the public will also be 'optional,' of course. We should think that everyone in New York who cares much for literature would hasten to secure an option on the eight lectures, the cost being only \$5. The Berkeley Lyceum, 19 West 44th Street, will be the scene, the dates being Tuesday, Nov. 10, 17 and 24 and Dec. 1 and 8, and Friday, Nov. 13 and 20 and Dec. 4. Three hundred tickets will be reserved for officers and students; the few that remain for persons not connected with the College may be purchased of President Low's secretary, Mr. W. H. Beebe.

—Sir Edwin Arnold's reading from his poems will occur at Music Hall next Wednesday evening, Nov. 4. Thursday evening of this week was the date selected by Major Pond for a private reading by Sir Edwin in the dining-room of the Everett House.

—'The Shield of Love,' by B. L. Farjeon, will bear the imprint of Henry Holt & Co. A modern Cinderella plays a part in it, but her Prince is an ordinary English gentleman.

—The December (Christmas) *Harper's* will contain short stories by T. B. Aldrich, R. H. Davis, F. D. Millet and William McLennan, a new Canadian teller of tales. The *Monthly* in 1892 will devote special attention to the Great West; it will contain also the Bigelow-Millet-Persons papers on the Danube River; Amélie Rives's play 'Athelwold,' with illustrations; expert articles on the European armies; a new novel ('A World of Chance'), a new farce and various poems by Mr. Howells; Horatio Bridge's 'Personal Reminiscences of Nathaniel Hawthorne'; 'Paris of To-day,' by Theodore Child; and a disquisition by Laurence Hutton on 'Death-Masks.'

—Mr. Austin Dobson is reported to be writing a play the scene of which is laid in France, at a period shortly preceding the Revolution. Mme. de Pompadour is said to be a chief character.

—Mr. J. G. Cupples offers to public libraries, historical societies, etc., some 180 copies of 'Haverhill: 1640 to 1890,' printed by him for the corporation, and remaining on hand after all subscription orders were filled.

—Sheridan Ford was sentenced in the London courts on Monday to pay a fine of \$100, under the alternative of three months' imprisonment, and to pay the sum of \$600 in damages, or undergo three months' imprisonment, for pirating J. McNeill Whistler's 'Gentle Art of Making Enemies,' last year. He got out a compilation of Mr. Whistler's writings against the author's wishes, thus anticipating but not preventing the publication of an authorized edition of the book.

—Referring to the recent International Folk-Lore Congress in London, *The Athenaeum* says:—

Mr. Lang proved a bad chairman, but he gave a model inaugural address. It dealt lightly, but firmly, with almost all the 'burning' questions of folk-lore, and set the right key by suggesting that folk-loreists might differ and yet be friends. The sun and dawn theory and the white Archaic race theory were tenderly satirized into obscurity. Indeed, if a fault is to be found with Mr. Lang's address, it would be that he is too tender with the varying schools of folk-loreists, leading the scuffer or the beginner to imagine that it really did not much matter what theory was adopted—a state of things absolutely fatal to the future position of the science of folk-lore, as it is now with some justice called.

—The Brooklyn Institute 'extension courses' of lectures on Literature, by Mr. Percival Chubb, will comprise from four to eight studies each of 'The Poetry of Tennyson,' 'The Poetry and Teaching of Matthew Arnold,' 'The Writings of William Morris,' 'The Methods of Literary Criticism,' 'John Stuart Mill: His Life, Teaching and Influence,' 'Mazzini: His Work in the Cause of Italian Freedom and Social Regeneration,' 'James Russell Lowell's Political and Social Writings,' and 'The Social and Political Writings of Thomas Hill Green.'

—Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.'s announcements of books for children include 'Children I Have Known,' by Frances Hodgson Burnett; 'The Great Show in Kobol-Land,' by Frank R. Stockton; and 'Stories for Boys,' by Richard Harding Davis.

—'Countess Erika's Apprenticeship,' by Ossip Schubin (the latest of Mrs. Wister's translations from the German), will issue from the Lippincott press next month.

—A verbatim report of the second series of lectures which Carlyle delivered at the Portman Rooms in the spring of 1838, on the periods of European culture, has been found at Bombay. Hitherto the only notes of these in existence were brief reports published in *The Examiner* by Leigh Hunt, and containing more of Hunt than of Carlyle. Soon after the latter's death Dr. Dowden, of Trinity College, Dublin, unearthed a sort of report of some of the lectures by one who was present. But the Bombay

manuscript is a full and complete report, with the exception of the ninth lecture (on 'Voltaire and French Scepticism,' which Carlyle himself thought weak, as he disliked Voltaire).

—Hermann Oelrichs of New York has purchased the summer residence at Newport of the late George Bancroft, the historian. The house was occupied by Mr. Bancroft for a quarter of a century, and has not been rented since his death. Mr. Oelrichs, it is said, will tear it down and replace it with a modern villa.

—The Mildred Howells, whose charming poem 'Romance' is the opening article in the new number and volume of *St. Nicholas*, is a daughter of the distinguished novelist.

—The Executive Committee of Barnard College has adopted a resolution of regret at the death of Mrs. Margaret Barnard, widow of that President of Columbia in whose honor the College was named. The resolution records a grateful sense of the interest and assistance which Mrs. Barnard gave to the College in its infancy and early struggles, and accords to her high honor in helping the cause of the Higher Education of Women for which the College stands.

—'The passing of the Yale entrance examination by Miss Coit of New London may not have been in vain,' says the *Times*, quoting in this connection these words of one of the Faculty:—

There is no thought whatever, and no probability that there will be any thought, of admitting women to study in the same classes as the men. But there is every disposition—indeed, a great desire—to open the doors of the university to them on equal terms. Without any disengagement to the various seminaries in the country, it is certain that no girls' school could offer the advantages possessed by Yale University. Nothing is needed but the money. President Dwight said to me at last commencement that he would be pleased if Yale could establish a woman's annex.

—The New York Kindergarten Association appeals to the citizens of New York for \$15,000 with which to prosecute its work.

—The most interesting of several portraits of Balzac in the last number of *Le Livre Moderne* was taken immediately after death, by Giraud. Mme. de Balzac, who considered it the best likeness of her husband, left it to her niece, Mme. de Saint-Ives; and this lady allowed Lord Lytton to have a photograph taken of it. It is from this photograph that M. Uzanne's aquatint has been made. It is said to give to the dead novelist a singularly youthful look.

—Baker & Taylor Co. announce 'The Divine Enterprise of Missions,' by the Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D.D.

—Much sorrow is felt in Athens over the tragic death of the poet Demetrios Kokkos, who was shot by a sergeant in the army while on his way from the theatre. He lingered three days in great pain and then died. Kokkos is said to have refused to give his sister in marriage to the sergeant.

—The following explanation has been offered of the titles of some of Mr. Ruskin's oddly-named books:—

'Sesame and Lilies' is the title applied in 1865 to a volume containing two lectures delivered by Mr. Ruskin at Manchester in 1864. The titles of the lectures were 'Of Kings' Treasures,' and 'Of Queens' Gardens.' 'Sesame' is a herbaceous plant with sweet, oily seeds; valuable for food and medicine. Lilies have ever been regarded as perfect types of natural beauty. In these lectures—the former addressed to men, the latter to women—Mr. Ruskin pleads for union of use and beauty, of which sesame and lilies are symbols. In explanation of the titles of the lectures, it may be added that men are regarded as kings of the earth, and books the treasures of their wisdom; and women as queens of the earth, and their homes the gardens in which they cultivate the beautiful.

—Count Leo Tolstoi prints in a Russian paper the following declaration:—'I give everyone gratuitously the right to publish in Russia and abroad, either in Russian or a foreign tongue, all my works written since 1881 and published in Vol. XII. of the complete edition of my works, which appeared in 1886, as likewise in Vol. XIII., which appeared this year, and all my works published in Russia, as well as those which shall appear after the aforesaid date.'

—Mr. W. J. Thoms once set forth, in the following stanza, two of his titles to fame, the lines being written on the back of his photograph:—

If you would fain know more
Of him whose photo here is—
He coined the word Folk-lore,
And he started *Notes and Queries*.

—There are certain authors spoken of as "imaginative," when imagination is the one quality which they conspicuously lack," says R. O., in *Kate Field's Washington*. 'The whole secret of their attractiveness is that they have a talent of giving a curious twist to actual happenings. In this way they make the real seem unreal and fantastic, instead of making the unreal real. Stockton is

the greatest adept at this curious art, which is not the less an art because it is not exactly what it seems to be.'

—M. Daudet, whose ill-health during the last few years has given his friends cause for grave apprehensions, has returned to Paris after a long season in the country, full of literary activity.

—J. A. Goutscharoff, the venerable Russian poet, who died on Sept. 27, had lived for the last decade, almost forgotten, in a suburb of St. Petersburg. He was the last representative of the Pushkin period. His greatest work is his novel 'Oblomoff,' bearing the title of its hero. It appeared in 1859. Oblomoff is a Russian, who, though richly blessed by nature with talents and character, remains inactive because of an inborn distaste for labor. He is supposed to be typical of his race, and the story led to the introduction of a new word—'Oblomow-schtschina' ('Oblomoffacy')—into the Russian tongue.

—The *Tribune* gives the following information concerning the Loubat prize:—

Mr. Loubat, a member of the New York Historical Society, has given to the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, in Paris, a sum of money yielding an annual income of 1000 francs, which will be awarded every three years to the best published works on history, geography, archaeology, ethnology, the languages and the numismatics of North America. The Academy has decided upon 1776 as the earliest date for the subjects treated in the works submitted for competition. This prize will be awarded in 1892. Works published since July 1, 1889, in the Latin, French, English, Spanish and Italian languages will be admitted for competition. Two copies of the works to be presented ought to be sent to the Secretary of the Institute de France, Paris, before Dec. 31, 1891. The successful competitor, in addition to the copies sent for competition, will be obliged to deliver two others to the Academy, which will forward one copy to Columbia College and the other to the New York Historical Society.

—William George Jordan, the former editor of *Book Chat*, and for the past three years managing editor of *Current Literature*, has resigned the latter position to go on the lecture platform. Mr. Jordan was born in New York twenty-seven years ago, and has been a school-teacher, an editor and a lecturer.

—A special meeting of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution was held on Oct. 21 to take action in regard to a gift of \$200,000 made by Thomas G. Hodgkins of Setauket, N. Y., to increase the permanent fund of the Institution. Half of the amount is given without restriction, save that its income is to be used, as that of the original bequest of James Smithson, 'for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.' The income of the other half is to be applied to the increase and diffusion of more exact knowledge in regard to the properties of atmospheric air, and its relation to the physical and intellectual welfare of mankind. Mr. Hodgkins stipulates for the option, for the period of twelve months, of the privilege of subscribing such additional sum as would bring the invested capital of the Smithsonian Institution up to its charter limit of \$1,000,000, which, as the capital stands at present, would amount to about \$100,000 more. Mr. Hodgkins—who, like Smithson, was born in England—came to this country about 1830, and was a successful merchant in New York. Since his retirement in 1859 he has lived on his farm on Long Island.

—A despatch dated Chicago, Oct. 27, runs as follows:—

One of the largest book deals ever consummated in America was closed this afternoon by cablegram, the University of Chicago being the purchaser and S. Simon of Berlin the seller. The library contains 280,000 volumes and 120,000 dissertations in all languages. Among them there are 200 manuscripts from the eighth to the nineteenth century, 1,600 volumes of paleography, 15,000 journals, academies, and periodicals, 65,000 volumes of Greek and Roman archaeology, 65,000 Greek and Roman classics, 2400 volumes Greek and Latin authors of modern times, 2000 Greek and Roman philology and grammar, 2000 volumes general linguistics, 9000 volumes modern linguistics, 2500 volumes history, 1000 volumes illustrated works of art, 5000 volumes physics, astronomy, and mathematics, and 5000 volumes natural history. At a meeting of the Board of Trustees this afternoon Major H. A. Rust, Martin A. Ryerson, Charles L. Hutchinson, and H. H. Kohlsaat subscribed enough money to purchase the library. The books will arrive here in March or April next. The price paid for the library is not made public. The catalogue price is between \$600,000 and \$700,000, and the estimated booksellers price \$300,000. Those who profess to know say that there are 15,000 volumes in the library worth the purchase price.

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question

are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1641.—Can any reader tell me where I can procure a copy of 'Robin Red-Breast,' a school music-book, published many years ago?

NEW YORK.

1642.—Can you tell me where the following lines may be found?

Is it true, O Christ in Heaven,
That the wiser suffer most,
That the strongest wander farthest
And most hopelessly are lost,
That the mark of rank in nature
Is capacity for pain,
And the anguish of the singer
Marks the sweetness of the strain?

LEAMINGTON, ENGLAND.

M. L. F.

1643.—Who wrote the little book entitled 'A Few Words about Robert Browning,' a copy of which I have lately much enjoyed reading?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

J. D. M.

1644.—Can you tell me the author of this couplet?

Would stretch from here to Mesopotamia,
A thing imagination boggles at.

It is quoted by Andrew Lang in his essay on Browning in a recent *Fortnightly*, as the effect of getting a story told by each of the actors, as in 'The Ring and the Book.'

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. L. T.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Abbott, F. E. Prof. Royce's Libel.	Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.
Abbott, W. J. Battle-Fields and Victory.	Dodd, Mead & Co.
Alarcón, P. A. de. The Cocked Hat.	Minerva Pub. Co.
Augur, C. H. Half True Tales.	Keppler & Schwartzmann.
Autin, J. G. Betty Alden.	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Baldwin, J. M. Handbook of Psychology.	Henry Holt & Co.
Barr, J. A. E. Sister to Easus.	Dodd, Mead & Co.
Bolles, F. Land of the Lingering Snow.	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Bourke, J. G. On the Border with Crook.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Bruce, H. Life of Gen. Houston.	Dodd, Mead & Co.
Camp, W. American Football.	Harper & Bros.
Chadwick, J. W. Evolution of Architecture.	D. Appleton & Co.
Champney, E. W. Witch Winnie's Mystery.	Dodd, Mead & Co.
Chocolate Nursery Rhymes.	Thos. Whittaker.
Concise Dictionary of Religious Knowledge.	Ed. by S. M. Jackson. Christian Literature Co.
Conn, H. W. The Living World.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Corbin, C. F. His Marriage Vow.	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Cornwallis, K. A Marvellous Coincidence.	G. W. Dillingham.
Davis, R. H. Stories for Boys.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Dowie, M. M. A Girl in the Karpathians.	Cassell Pub. Co.
Edgren, A. H. Spanish Grammar.	Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Ellis, E. S. Lost in Samoa.	Cassell Pub. Co.
Emerson, E. S. Masks, Heads, and Faces.	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Farjeon, B. L. The Shield of Love.	Henry Holt & Co.
Finley, M. Elsie's Vacation.	Dodd, Mead & Co.
Fletcher, R. H. The Johnstown Stage, and other Stories.	D. Appleton & Co.
Ford, S. V. R. Junior League Songster.	Hunt & Eaton.
Froude, J. A. Divorce of Catherine of Aragon.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Garrett, E. H. Elizabethan Songs.	Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Griffis, W. E. Sir William Johnson.	Dodd, Mead & Co.
Harris, M. C. An Utter Failure.	D. Appleton & Co.
Henry, W. W. Patrick Henry: Life, Correspondence and Speeches.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Her Strange Amour.	Minerva Pub. Co.
Jacobs, J. Celtic Fairy-Tales.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
King, G. W. Future Retribution.	Hunt & Eaton.
Knox, T. W. Boy Travellers in Northern Europe.	Harper & Bros.
Krehbiel, H. E. Studies in the Wagnerian Drama.	Harper & Bros.
LaForest, D. de. Morphine.	Waverley Co.
Little Artist's Drawing and Painting Book.	Thos. Whittaker.
Little, E. N. Watch Ho! Watch!	Dodd, Mead & Co.
Long, G. Discourses of Epictetus.	Macmillan & Co.
Markham, A. H. Life of Sir John Franklin.	Dodd, Mead & Co.
Mason, G. C. Annals of the Redwood Library and Atheneum.	Newport: Redwood Library.
Maurice, F. D. Lincoln's Inn Sermons.	Macmillan & Co.
Maynard, N. C. Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?	Phila: Rufus C. Hartrout.
McCosh, J. Tests of the Various Kinds of Truth.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Meade, L. T. The Children of Wilton Chase.	Cassell Pub. Co.
New English Dictionary.	Ed. by J. A. H. Murray. Part VI. Macmillan & Co.
Norris, W. E. Mysterious Mrs. Wilkinson, etc.	John W. Lovell Co.
Ohnet, G. The Shoplifter.	Waverley Co.
Pyle, H. Men of Iron.	Harper & Bros.
Robinson, F. M. Hoveyden, V. C.	John W. Lovell Co.
Ruskin, J. Lectures on Art.	Chas. E. Merrill & Co.
Sacher-Masoch, L. von. The New Job.	Cassell Pub. Co.
Sand, G. The Countess Rudolstadt.	Dodd, Mead & Co.
Shelley's P. B. Defence of Poetry.	Ginn & Co.
Sophocles. The Antigone.	Ed. by M. W. Humphreys. Harper & Bros.
Stephen, J. K. The Living Languages.	Cambridge, Eng.: Macmillan & Bowes.
Stoddard, W. O. Little Smoke.	D. Appleton & Co.
Styx, of the H. B. of L. Hermetic Philosophy.	Phila: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Taylor, J. A. Evolution of Art.	D. Appleton & Co.
Victor, F. F. Atlantis Arisen.	Phila: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Wagner, L. Names and Their Meaning.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Walker, G. L. Thomas Hooker.	Dodd, Mead & Co.
Weyman, S. J. The Story of Francis Cludde.	Cassell Pub. Co.
Whittier, J. G. Snow-Bound.	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Wildenbruch, E. von. Harold.	Phila: Poet-Lore Co.
Winsor, J. Christopher Columbus.	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Winter, J. S. Lumley the Painter.	John W. Lovell Co.



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The Critic

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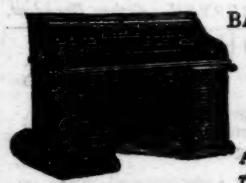
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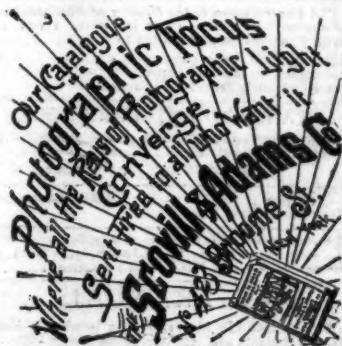
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